

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Sixty-Eighth Congress

By Charles A. McMahon

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The Conventions

Bigotry Come to a Boil on the Body Politic

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

The two National Conventions are things of the past. In each of them the religious issue came up under the phrase "Klan and Anti-Klan."

The Republicans at Cleveland succeeded in soft-peddaling the issue by adopting a languid plank that said vapid things about the First Constitutional Amendment. Hardly honest! But, then,—keep an eye on the voters!

In New York a more honest Convention was held. Here the issue was boldly faced because certain delegates demanded that it should be faced. That the Klan won out in the platform was due to the fact that some cowardly leaders were afraid to denounce it specifically and by name.

But the Klan lost out in the nomination, for their accredited nominee, who was very unwilling to say whether he was for the Klan or against it, was defeated. It is hardly to be expected that he will ever run again!

The Democratic Convention was a plain confirmation of the truth that the party is controlled by those States in the south and west that are notably backward in industry and education. (It's some consolation to know that dense ignorance, and not down-right injustice, is the chief breeder of bigotry).

As a sop to Catholics, but principally as a bait for their votes, a Catholic could have had the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. We're glad he didn't accept. For we don't need any sop from any political party. And the sooner the politicians understand this, the better.

What we American Catholics want, what we have a right to expect, what we should demand, is fair-play. That and nothing more. To be satisfied with less is to be untrue to our citizenship and to our manhood.

If neither of the dominant parties will freely give us this, then, perhaps, another party will,—another party that honestly believes in the sound American principles so nobly expressed by Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt, to-day so brazenly betrayed by their respective parties.

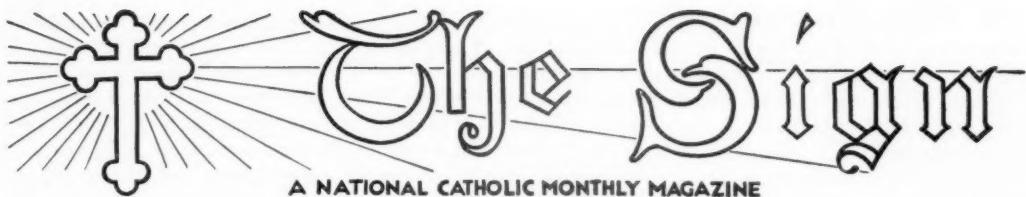
We Catholics should never vote for any candidate for office simply because he is a Catholic. To do that is folly. As voters we are Americans and not Catholics. But when a man thoroughly qualified to administer a public trust is turned down just because he is a Catholic, then it's time to give our allegiance and our votes to a party that is decent enough to appreciate them.

Bigotry, I repeat, is due to ignorance chiefly. I ask you to remember this. And I also ask you to join with us actively in the campaign of enlightenment being carried on by THE SIGN.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

P. S. Please read AFTER THE CONVENTION in Current Fact and Comment.



Vol. IV

AUGUST, 1924

No. 1

Current Fact and Comment

After the Convention

IT was not altogether in vain that circumstances finally lifted a Catholic to prominence in the race for the Presidency.

The spectacle of a certain faction attempting to dominate a national convention on religious motives brought sharp protests from editors and prominent citizens throughout the land. To such as these it was a painful revelation that in this model republic purporting to provide all its citizens with equal opportunities of freedom and enlightenment it was possible for bigotry to foster ignorance and to keep large groups of the populace, especially in the southern and western areas, in a hateful attitude toward millions of their fellow citizens whose religious convictions happened to differ from theirs.

It mattered not that events in Europe were giving the lie to the familiar imputation that a loyal Catholic could not be safely entrusted with public office:

(1). The Catholics of France, by a huge majority, were accepting a Calvinist for President with no fear that his Calvinism incapacitated him as their ruler.

(2). Germany, a Lutheran nation, was at last emerging from the fearful wreckage of war under the guidance of the devout Catholic, Chancellor Marx.

(3). Austria, threatened with utter ruin by the desperate elements of its population, had been stabilized by the priest-statesman, Monsignor Seipel, a task that astonished and won the admiration of the nations.

(4). When their Protestant fellow-citizens learned that on a certain morning in a humble chapel at Vienna the Chancellor of Germany had received Communion from the hands of the Premier of Austria, it was no augury to them of Papal dominance, nor did they take thought of the incompatibility of a Catholic's faith and his allegiance to his country.

(5). At the same time a movement to form a Catholic party in England was promptly rejected by Catholics themselves on the ground that it was useless to attempt to unite Catholics in politics and that the errors and machinations of such a party would be attributed to the Church herself.

No longer irritated at the prospect of a Catholic President, the bigots may at leisure reflect on the uncomplimentary estimate of their methods and principles, in so far as that estimate issued spontaneously from *sane* Protestant sources alone. A certain observer recalls this passage from a speech delivered by Gov. Wise of Virginia in a Presidential year when the Know Nothings were rampant:

These men—many of them are neither Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, or what not—who do not read their Bible, who live God-defying lives every day—are now seen with faces as long as their dark lanterns, with the whites of their eyes turned up in holy fear lest the Bible should be shut up by the Pope!

Any reaction involving rectification of one's views about the Pope is salutary. Thus do many discover that the Pope has no other designs on the citizens of this country than that they give due heed of service to God and Caesar. Others, incidentally, are favored with larger vision and the grace to acknowledge him as the true Shepherd of their souls.

The Assumption of Our Lady

THE prospects of an early convocation of a General Council was of sufficient interest to be featured in the daily press. Interest was promptly focused on the definition of dogma. And it being surmised that the Assumption was the article of faith nearest to a definition, the announcement went forth that the Pope was about to *deify* the Blessed Virgin.

The significance of the term, assumption, should have prevented such a preposterous misapprehension.

THE † SIGN

We believe that the Mother of God was exempted from the common process of death—that her body as well as her soul was assumed immediately into eternal glory. The same reasons of fitness that are urged for her Immaculate Conception apply to her Assumption. To that body through which she so intimately co-operated in the Incarnation faith and reason attribute exemption from the humiliating consequences of original sin.

The traditional sources of this belief are manifold and very ancient. Hence we find the Greek Churches observing the feast with as much solemnity as the Roman. From the standpoint of tradition our faith is further confirmed inasmuch as there exist no relics of the Blessed Virgin except such as appertain indirectly to her person, while we are aware that the early Christians were extremely careful to preserve the bodies of the saints and martyrs.

The feast of the Assumption is the principal feast of our Lady and a holy day of obligation although this particular object of our veneration has not been infallibly defined. However Benedict XIV, one of the wisest and most conservative of the Popes, declared that to deny it were impious and blasphemous. The definition of this dogma would be gratefully acclaimed by all those whose devotion to Mary is grounded on their understanding of the sanctity and wisdom of God as revealed in the Incarnation of His only begotten Son.

Christian Science and the Cross

THE initial appeal of Christian Science is to human nature seeking relief from illness, pain and sorrow. The marvel is that it should continue to interest so many apparently sane people once these have been confronted by its glaring and essential contradictions. The simple explanation of its success is the assumption that there are mediocre minds unfamiliar with the processes of logic and easily flattered by their superficial comprehension of this phase of pantheism. Thus are they invited to discard the clear evidence of sense and reason: Nothing has reality or existence of any kind, except the Divine Mind and its Divine ideas; matter, error, evil are illusions of mortal mind. To quote from their text-book, *Science and Health*, which they admit to be incapable of revision:

Mind is God. The exterminator of error is the great truth that God, good, is the "only" Mind, and that the supposititious opposite of infinite Mind—called "devil" or evil—is not Mind, is not Truth, but error, without intelligence or reality. There can be but one Mind, because there is but one God and if mortals claimed no other Mind and accepted no other, sin would be unknown.

Here are two propositions plainly contradictory: There is no mind but God's; mortal minds are addressed and urged to accept none but the Divine Mind. When presented with the contradiction Christian Scientists complacently reply that there can be no contradictions to those who can prove the absence of contradictions. Rather gratuitous; in other words, dispose of contradictions by refusing to see them!

The vagaries of Christian Science are deplorable when applied to the mystery of Redemption. And what the system proposes is a complete perversion of the Divine plan for our participation in that adorable mystery. This sect professes allegiance to Christ and yet it would subtly evade His frequent counsels that we bear our cross with Him. It chooses to call evil what Christ urged as blessings. All this is directly involved in its claim to secure for its devotees immunity from disease, poverty and the like. It is a brazen negation of the vocation of suffering. It is bogus Christianity without the Cross.

"My Sacrifice and Yours"

DAILY attendance at Mass is a simple and direct means of compensating for the day's absorption in material affairs. This should be borne in mind by those bent on recreation at this season but generally within convenient access of church or chapel.

Too many lay stress on attendance at Mass as an obligation. How few have familiarized themselves with all there is in the Mass to stir the emotions, to impart consolation and to inspire the highest faculties of the soul! Some of the rarest gems of literature have for their theme the experiences of souls in the presence of the holy Mysteries. A traveller in Biscay presents this description, with its unique note of contrast, to the readers of the London *Universe*:

The Easter sun was already flooding the little square, the trees were green, the air was like wine. Ten minutes before Mass the nave was full of women, black clad, with their black veils; and five minutes before, a tremendous clatter up the wooden stairs into the gallery, running half way round the church, announced the arrival of the men.

The Mass—the second of the day—was said by a tall, old priest, deliberate and sonorous, with magnificent head, as so many old men among the Basques have. . . The air of the church was tremulous with joy; the candle-flames and the steady voice of the priest at the altar seemed to quiver with it; and at the "Domine non sum dignus" the shrill little bell summoned almost the entire congregation to the Feast. In such a church, whose walls were drenched in prayer since the days of Charlemagne, the familiar words of the Mass assumed a new beauty and a sweeter homeliness. Here the Age of Faith had never ended. The devotion of the centuries filled the place like incense.

THE SIGN

I went out into the sunlight, full of unforgettable things, and went back presently to breakfast, and found an Englishman there full of windy and damnable nonsense about Shelley and his religion. "Who" he said, "could be nearer to God than that bright, beautiful creature?"

And as he said that a very old peasant, wrinkled and gnarled and patched, with the slow, patient eyes of an ox, came from the old church, and went hobbling slowly across the square. I said, seizing this palpable gift from Heaven, "Why, that old peasant; and at least a thousand times nearer than Shelley."

Of course, to those who have applied themselves to a deeper understanding of the Mass the source of these wholesome emotions is not the quaint setting nor the ancient associations so much as the reality and stupendous character of the sacred Mysteries themselves.

Moreover, the greatest profit from attending at Mass and the sweetest consolations are derived by those who follow along in the manner plainly indicated by the liturgy. Your method should be more than a reverent, passive assistance. It should be a co-operation. It should proceed intimately with the words and actions of the priest. It is your sacrifice as well as his. Having prepared the oblations, he turns and addresses the congregation, "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours etc." The intimate dialogue form is maintained likewise in the responses to the *Dominus vobiscum* and in the *Amen* as a reply to the prayers offered aloud to God by the priest. The practice of assigning these responses to the altar boys is only by way of substitution for the original and more effective practice by which the congregation joined intimately in the service.

The Russian Children

NOTHING is more pitiable than the plight of a child bereft of parental care and solicitude. He Who made the child dependent upon parents for development of soul and body has uttered the most impressive denunciations upon those who would thwart this providential arrangement.

Impelled by its evil genius, and in its revolt against all Christian traditions, the Soviet government removed the sanction of parental authority and assumed the right to train the child consistently with its vicious and atheistic principles. The inevitable and appalling results of this irresponsible system are already apparent. The number and character of vagrant children under the Soviet regime is shocking even to a people dulled to the universal reign of barbarity. The evil has got beyond government control. According to the newspaper *Pravda* there are fifty thousand vagrant children in and near Moscow alone. How much of tragedy is pent up in these young lives with no

higher outlook and no more sense of responsibility to God or neighbor than what the so-called Red Church extends to them!

Catholics and Jews

THE distinguished and estimable Rabbi de Sola Pool of New York took exception to a sketch in THE SIGN by Mr. A. Garland. Mr. Garland had dwelt in a humorous vein upon the Zionist movement. His humor proceeded mostly in a vein of irony, but a review of the article will scarcely reveal a scurrilous motive except, perhaps, to the sensitive reader unwilling that the imperfections of even some of his race should be emphasized in that effective manner. In this comment the Rabbi appealed to his personal observation of affairs in the Holy Land and his intimate knowledge of the aspirations of the Jewish people there. But our own correspondent, Father Cyprien Jourdan, had preceded Mr. Garland with a frank statement of facts, the result of his own observation of applied Zionism. It will be recalled that Father Cyprien distinguished between the Palestine Jews with the fervent aspirations of their faith and that ruthless and adventurous class seeking only material advantages.

There will be less suspicion of the lack of amity on the part of Catholics toward Jews if that distinction is borne in mind. As Cardinal Bourne recently observed:

A very clear distinction has to be drawn between the Jew who is a Jew by religion and nationality, and the Jew who has ceased to have any religion at all, and who is a Jew only by nationality. That distinction has to be kept very clearly in our minds when we think of the undoubtedly bitter hostility which does exist in certain countries, happily not in England [nor, we may add, in this country], between Catholics and those who are Jews merely by nationality and not by religion. Because, after all, we know perfectly well that there are Jews who call themselves Jews and are such by their nation, who have thrown aside all the teachings of religion and are not always a desirable element in any community.

His Eminence was addressing a meeting of the Catholic Guild of Israel. This is an active organization earnestly interested in the conversion of the Jews. It is affiliated with the Confraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel which was raised to the rank of an archconfraternity by His Holiness, Pius X. Interest in the work is largely fostered by the Fathers of the Society of Our Lady of Sion which traces its origin to the year 1842, when at Rome our Lady appeared to the noted Jewish convert, Father Marie Ratisbonne. Cardinal Bourne has approved a plan, already set on foot in London, for preparing boys who aspire to the priesthood for this particular work among the Jews.

THE T SIGN

Innocence In the Movies

IN the very manner of their appeal the movies analyze and portray the realities and semblances of character more vividly than any other medium of art. Hewing close to the line of licetly, they daily regale millions with scenes of riotous passion or show to how vast an extent human destinies are evolved out of the sole passion of love. May we not hope that through weary repetition, through sheer exhaustion of the theme, through the very surfeit of it all, our young people, with their faculty of reflection, may learn to distinguish between illusion and reality and make the knowledge thus derived the foundation of caution and self-control.

Even the most debauched audience gives its most fervent applause to innocence. And the movie directors were prompt to discover that the most winning of all characters is the one combining innocence and beauty. At the same time they apprehend that innocence, more than any other quality, must be sustained by perfect illusions of reality and sincerity. Their failure to attain this ideal points a moral which the reflecting youth, even with his supercilious outlook on life, cannot fail to appreciate.

Beauty, being a physical and patent quality, is difficult perfectly to simulate. Not so innocence, which is a hidden disposition of the soul. Aware of its advantage, beauty too often usurps the air of innocence. This requires little more than a serene pose. When such an alluring combination is portrayed on the screen the audience is fully aware that neither pains nor expense were spared in the search for the most convincing subject of it. But sober reflection reveals the hollowness of it all. May not many a youth thus learn to distrust appearances, to resist allurements and to weigh the consequences of surrendering his affections to those who are utterly incapable of worthily reciprocating them? The *American Weekly* gives an illuminating although sensational account of the experience of one large film concern:

They had a new scenario where the heroine must be the perfection of purity and innocence. No ordinary doll-faced girl would do. She must be so convincing that no one could doubt the depth of purity and perfection in her innocent eyes. The director searched the field in England and shook his head. He reviewed, thoughtfully, an album of great American stars—not one would do. The heroine must be convincing as the distressed and persecuted girl who remains unspotted from the world throughout all the temptations of her pursuers. The heroine suffers and suffers—she sees other sinners sinning happily or unhappily, but she looks and remains to the last her own super-innocent self. The convincing value of the movie is its illusion. No woman with a tainted reputation could successfully play the part of Miss Innocence.

Again the producer reviewed the eyes and features of the whole field of movie women. There were beautiful stars and worthy stars here and there, but the merry twinkle in the eyes or the sophisticated cast of features did not suggest the purity which his heroine must convincingly reveal. And even the most trivial matter of personal history or breath of scandal which would disillusion the public must be considered. Some were screened hopefully in tests and discarded. And at last little Miss X was discovered. Here, at last, was the girl with the soulful eyes of purity and innocence. "She is dainty, graceful, her hair is black and curly beautiful—but her eyes!" the producer cried in an ecstasy of joy. "Words fail me. Her eyes are mirrors of innocence. You look into them and become fascinated; they are wells of perpetual wonder. You feel that you couldn't brush the dust of dreams from this baby-girl, you couldn't even mention a word of love in her hearing..." In the screen test the alluring villain approached her, and Miss X's outraged innocence and respectability were so real and convincing that nobody could believe that she was really acting a part.

There is much more in this superlative vein concerning this super-innocent subject. It suffices to add that a husband promptly appeared with divorce papers and overwhelming evidence of her infidelity.

Making Catechism Enjoyable

THERE is no reason why the study of religion in all grades, especially the elementary, should not be made as attractive as the study of poetry. And because of the affinity between religion and poetry any scheme aiding concentration and arousing interest in the study of one of these subjects should secure similar results when applied to the other. For the benefit of those who are looking about for new methods of relieving the tedium of the catechism hour and of creating that interest which is the basis both of readier comprehension and of lasting impression we reproduce this news note from the *Educational Review*:

Principal James A. Dugan of Public School 86, Borough of Queens, New York City, has devised a plan whereby pupils in the advanced grades combine reading and free-hand drawing in a unique way. About fifteen minutes of the regular assembly period is taken occasionally for the work. A stanza or more of poetry is printed on one side of a portable blackboard, which is placed on the rostrum with the printing turned to the wall. The pupils come to the auditorium provided with pencils, drawing paper, and geography textbooks or other rests on which to place the paper. The black-board is reversed and the poetry is read by Mr. Dugan and unusual words explained. The students are then given five minutes in which to study and plan their picture and at a signal commence drawing. From five to ten minutes is given for the work, according to the details of the picture, and at a signal the papers are collected. That Mr. Dugan is succeeding in his purpose of improving the power of concentration, of developing the imagination, and of arousing a greater interest in poetry and drawing, is shown by the enjoyment of the pupils in the work and in some instances by the exceptional pictures they have executed.

The Fruit and the Seed

The Mysterious Action of a Superior Will in the Church

By HILAIRE BELLOC



ISTORICALLY, by far the most interesting thing in the process of the Catholic Church is the embryonic character of every Catholic institution at its origin. In this the Catholic process is exactly consonant with creation.

Most moderns would say that this was true of all human institutions; it is the fashionable tag of the day based on a vague materialism, or Pantheism, and it is entirely wrong. In almost all human institutions except Catholic institutions, the work of man is deliberate, planned, and fails. It does not develop consonantly to its origins: you do not see in its growth the unfolding of a germ. Institutions very often grow up unconsciously from origins which have no sort of resemblance to or communion with their final form: but then their origins are exactly *not* embryonic. Such developments are but examples of the truth that the human will cannot impose itself upon the world. What is remarkable about Catholic institutions from the smallest to the greatest (until it is at last found to be true of the Church itself) is that the origins are (1) of one essence with final thing, and yet are (2) simple, *i.e.* undifferentiated, and (3) apparently insignificant: and in those three lies the true meaning of the word embryonic.

On this account the mind of a wise man will discover in particular Catholic developments, and in that of the whole Church, the same mysterious action of a superior Will as is to be discovered in the development of natural growths in the material creation around us. An oak comes from an acorn because a Mind designed and imposed the idea of the oak, and put into the acorn the powers of making an oak and nothing but an oak; thus is the acorn embryonic of the oak; and unless you allow for such a Mind the particular appointed and exact individual development cannot take place. It could neither be of mechanics nor of chance. But the English monarchy of 1600 was no more embryonic of the English monarchy of to-day than a stage coach running from London to Brighton is embryonic of the same vehicle in a museum. Nor was the French Revolution embryonic of the modern French Republic, which, if the men of

1793 could return and see, they would, in their disgust, immediately destroy.

There is a famous phrase in Gibbon describing the astonishment with which St. Peter would observe High Mass in his own Cathedral at Rome. and that phrase is fundamentally false, even supposing St. Peter to have had no knowledge of what passed on earth between his life and our own time, for though all the externals had so much changed, two or three words explaining the ceremony and its central rite, would have put the first century spectator in immediate communion with what was going on before him. There is an identity of essence between the first simplest form of the Mass and the last.

THIS very long introduction to a very short article has been produced by my discovering, through the *Life of St Dominic*,¹ which I have just laid down, that the origins of this tremendous affair, the Order of Preachers, was a personal, tentative, incomplete experiment possessed unconsciously of the creative spirit long before it achieved a form. I had of course some memory of the story long before I read this book; but I had no idea until now of how the thing looked in its very first days and minutes, and that is what has most struck me in my reading, and what I think the author has most powerfully brought out. It is a series of tentative very small local actions immediately before, and for years after, the moment of the Signaudou which remains in the mind, and which one sees like a small two-leaf shoot promising the vast tree, of predication, analysis, affirmation, proof, establishment which has been the intellectual and moral function in Europe of the Order of Preachers.

If you will visualise the little household at Prouille and then visualise the scenes following upon the Canonisation of St. Thomas Aquinas all over Europe, and the Lecture Halls in all the Universities commentating and discussing the summit of philosophy, you will have such an impression of contrast in externals and identity in spirit between seed and fruit as is a paradigm of all things specially produced for our good by the Divine Will.

There are two points in the book which take an

¹By Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. (Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.35.)

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attitude towards history other than that which I should myself take. One is the point of the Albigensian War and the other is the point of the Inquisition in Spain. The author admirably marshals the fact with regards to each which disprove the grotesque confusion of St. Dominic with the one and the other, and the equally grotesque confusion of the spirit of the Order of Preachers with the one and the other. It is indeed necessary to untie such tangles, for it is important to expose every one of the historical falsehoods upon which are to-day still solidly based all the text books used in England, and even many of those used in the more serious Universities on the Continent.

BUT there is another consideration which is briefly this: Were these things good or evil? Are we to be glad or sorry that there was the Albigensian War? Are we to be glad or sorry that the two Inquisitions, the general Mediaeval Institution, the very different particular, Renaissance, Castilian Institution, appear in European history?

I should unhesitatingly say, in the case of both phenomena, that we should be glad and not sorry. Wherever there is suffering there is a measure of evil, and wherever there is extreme suffering there is an immediate awakening of the human conscience towards the presence of evil. Further, in all struggles you have the morally evil human elements of ambition, of revenge, of avarice, of lust for power, or pride—and usually of deliberate injustice as well. None of these evils were lacking in the Albigensian War or in the first Inquisition. But, take the Albigensian War. Which was the greater of the two evils, that the wealthiest and most cultured part of the Gauls should, in the very heart of the mediaeval Spring, have established a vigorous cancer and so killed Europe, or that the cancer should have been cut out?

I am personally so strongly convinced that the cutting out of the cancer was a good, that the miraculous battle of Muret seems to me of greater moment in history than Salamis (in which verdict I shall not get many to agree with me—as yet).

As for the original mediaeval inquisition, I do not suppose that any reasonable man could regret it, but the special later, mainly political Institution, which we call the Spanish Inquisition, is another matter. It was normally more cruel than the conscience of the time as a whole admitted. It was unjust in particular instances, and it had about it a sort of belated tenacity, carrying it on into a time quite unsuited to it, which has rightly affected its memory with blame. But which of the two evils is greater; the evil attaching to the

Spanish Inquisition or the breakdown of the Christian re-conquest of Spain from the Mohammedans with their powerful and ubiquitous secret Jewish Allies?

THERE is no doubt at all that one of two things was bound to happen, either the establishment of the Reconquista, which meant the Evangelisation of the New World and incidentally the re-conquest of civilised Europe by the Faith a century later after the great storm of the sixteenth century, or the breakdown of Christian civilisation in Spain, the loss of the New World, not only to the Christian religion but to civilisation, and the loss of Europe too. For without the Reconquista, and its confirmation through the action of the Reyes Catholicos, all would have been lost, and we should in Europe to-day be half-way back to barbarism.

No passage in the book is more absorbing than the description of the last days and death and burial of St. Dominic. Here again (for this is not a review—I am not competent to write one—but a hotch potch of personal notes) I find my own memories covering the page. There is no shrine in Europe, of the many shrines I have visited, which moves me more than this tomb in Bologna. The simplicity of the little square, its charming column and statue, the domestic character, even in its splendor, of the tomb. The spirit of the town itself, a stronghold of permanent intelligence (and the centre, by the way, of the present Italian revival), and the foot-hills of the Appennines, immediately, beyond the walls, with the vineyards among which St. Dominic died. All these things have a profound effect upon the mind.

LET me conclude these rough notes with yet another personal reminiscence, only of the last few days.

I was in Notre Dame in Paris on Passion Sunday, 1924. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, the whole of the Cathedral was as packed with people as the stadium wherein moderns crowd to watch football or prize-fighting. The whole vast building was a very ant-heap of human beings; all the Nave and Choir and all the Galleries, every square foot into which a human being could elbow his way; it was like a Bank Holiday crush in a London terminus.

The occasion which thus filled the enormous Cathedral, now far withdrawn from the central life of Paris, and commonly more than half empty, was the Predication of a Dominican, who from the pulpit described to our generation the nature of the Priesthood and of an Apostolate.

Mother Cornelia Connelly*

Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus

By LOUIS H. WETMORE



KNOW no life among the founders of Religious Orders which is so charged with a superb dramatic quality as is the human and divine romance of Cornelia Augusta Peacock, in married life Mrs. Pierce Connelly, in religion Mother Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Hers was a life which constantly verged on the very edge of the precipice of complete tragedy, but which an indomitable will, combined with great courage and high faith, carried through to a final and splendid achievement *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

Cornelia Peacock, a daughter of one of Philadelphia's wealthiest families, was born in 1809. Like many another modern founder of a Religious Order, such as the Dominican Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, she was in youth high spirited, daring, strong-willed, even hot-tempered, and, what seems in many cases to mark a religious vocation, very untidy! From her earliest years she possessed not merely great, but strikingly great, beauty. She was clever, talented, a lover of music, a master of modern languages: set then, from early years, for conquest in the world of "society."

Her parents had died when she was yet young, and a determined and ambitious half-sister sheltered the girl. This lady, anxious for "an important match," violently refused her consent when Cornelia announced her intention to marry Pierce Connelly, a young Episcopalian clergyman. Characteristically, there was no verbal protest at the half-sister's edict. Cornelia simply left the house,

took temporary refuge with one of her own married sisters, and from the latter's home married the man of her choice.

The young couple moved south to Natchez, Miss., where Pierce Connelly, a brilliant preacher, had obtained a cure of souls. There Catholicism cast a spell upon her which she did not understand and which she could not throw off. She was haunted—there is no other word—by a near-by convent. Her husband confessed to an equal interest in what happens "behind high convent walls." Cornelia, seeking truth ardently, questioned her Catholic friends about their religion: she wished first-hand information. Finally she and her husband decided to become Catholics. In spite of later developments, there is no doubt of the sincerity of Pierce Connelly's conversion. He renounced a successful ecclesiastical career, for he was well on the way to ecclesiastical preferment, without hesitation when once convinced of God's will. Like Judas, he was quite sincere at first.

A ROMANCE AND MORE

CORNELIA Connelly was a Modern Pilgrim whose Progress was made through the wreck of her comfortable home, the loss of human affection, the desertion of her husband and children, the harrowing scandals of law-courts, the persecution of good people (whose ignorance of the circumstances made their opposition all the harder to understand and endure), the heart-rending vicissitudes necessary to the founding of a Religious Community.

Herewith Mr. Wetmore presents an admirable line sketch of the life of Mother Connelly. Much more space would be required to fill in only a few features of a tragic romance that ended happily in the establishing of a permanent institution.—EDITORS.

SOON after their decision to become Catholics the difference in character and temperament of man and wife became at once apparent. Pierce Connelly, already hustled hither and thither by that constant restlessness which always dominated him, decided that he must go to Rome before being received into the Church, He must be received at the centre of Christendom. (Here one sees the romantic sentimentality of the man as opposed to the woman's wholesome "realism"). In August, 1835, Connelly renounced his Protestant orders, and husband and wife proceeded to New Orleans. There they found the departure of their boat was delayed for several weeks. Connelly had mapped out a definite course for himself, and stubborn,

*Mother Cornelia Connelly, Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Longmans, Green and Co.

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MOTHER CORNELIA CONNELLY
(About 1877)

refused to change his plans. For the first time in their hitherto happy lives husband and wife agreed to act apart. Cornelia was received into the Church at New Orleans by the Right Reverend Bishop Blanc of that city.

A TEDIOUS voyage over, they arrived in Rome, where a wonderful reception awaited them. All Rome bowed before Mrs. Connally's beauty and grace. John Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, premier Earl of England and a devout Catholic, became their fast friend, a man who was always to have a strong influence upon their lives. Both of them found in Rome that sense of the catholicity of the Church with which the Eternal City is so redolent. They rejoiced in this catholicity and their new found faith much as Robert Hugh Benson did when one morning he "an Englishman, knelt with Italians before an Italian altar, heard a German priest say Mass, with a negro server from Africa!" Mr. Connally, ever restless, departed for England soon after his reception into the Church to visit the Earl of Shrewsbury. Conceit, pride, vanity, are shown in his letters of this period. He reveled in his opportuni-

ties of meeting members of the English aristocracy. Meanwhile Cornelia stayed in Rome, where, in company with the saintly Princess Borghese, she gave her time to charitable works, helping the helpless victims of the cholera of 1837. The plague ran its dangerous course. Cornelia saw Gregory XVI carry the *Madonna di San Luca* through the streets of the City, that miraculous picture with its strange control over contagious disease, first carried throughout Rome in 590 by Gregory the Great, when angels sang the *Regina Coeli* from the sky. The plague and serious financial reverses finally drove the Connells back to the United States.

FORCED now to earn his living, Pierce Connally accepted a professorship at the Jesuit college at Grand Couteau, Louisiana. A convent of the Sacred Heart was there, founded by that intrepid missionary nun, Mother Duchesne. Cornelia became a fast friend of the Madams, and, under the care of able Jesuit directors, her spiritual life developed rapidly. Even at this period a confessor has left on record the fact that she had already reached (in Ignatian phraseology) the third degree of humility. She was absolutely submissive to the will of God. Her youngest boy, but two-and-a-half years old, fell into a large container filled with boiling maple juice. After forty-three hours of agony, the child died in her arms. "I gladly make this sacrifice, O my God!" That is all.

It was the custom of the Connells to attend Mass together every morning. One day, in 1840, on the way home from church, Connally suddenly announced to his wife his determination to become a priest. Not content with the position in which God had placed him, he must find another field for labor. As abruptly he told his wife that to accomplish his end, she must retire into a convent. This blow fell with almost paralyzing force on Mrs. Connally. Her mother's heart was torn in an agony. We can trace this in her questioning of Cardinal McCloskey a little later: "I can see Mrs. Connally approaching me, clasping her hands, her beautiful eyes uplifted to my face. 'Is it necessary,' she said, 'for Pierce to make this sacrifice and sacrifice me? I love my husband. I love my darling children. Why must I give them up?'" But when she saw that his happiness lay in the fulfillment of his dream, after a struggle, she gave way. It is: Thy will be done, if it is Thy will. *In Te Domine speravi.*

Pierce Connally, having won his wife's reluctant consent, impatiently set out, almost at once, for England, where his friend, the kindly Earl, had secured him a position as travelling companion to a

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wealthy young Englishman, while Rome meditated on his and Cornelia's request for final separation. The pleasant home stood empty, its contents were sold, and Mrs. Connelly moved to a little cottage on the convent grounds. There she waited and prepared herself for her renunciation.

ROME moved slowly, and the months passed without definite news. We see the husband's utter selfishness in travelling comfortably around Europe while his wife sat at home plunged in suffering. Shrewsbury himself was thunderstruck when Connelly broke to him the news of his decision. "You are mad," he cried. "By ambition the angels fell. Stop at once and be a good Catholic husband and father." But the man would not be persuaded: stubborn, his will set, he ploughed on to his ultimate destruction.

For fifteen months Mrs. Connelly lived at Grand Couteau before Rome summoned her. But when called, she moved quickly, taking but four days for all her preparations.

From the first time these interesting converts had been presented to him in 1836, Gregory XVI had taken a warm interest in them. He lent his personal assistance to their plea for separation. In Holy Week Pierce Connelly received the tonsure, and Mrs. Connelly retired as a postulant into the Trinitá convent of the Sacred Heart. There she was employed in teaching and in instruction of converts, for which task she had a special aptitude. That same year Blessed Mother Barat, foundress of the Society, was at the convent, and from the first seemed to have had premonitions of God's designs for Mrs. Connelly. When, on the advice of her spiritual director, Cornelia felt that she must seek her religious vocation elsewhere, Mother Barat insisted on her staying at the Trinitá another year, during which time Cornelia was preparing plans for a new Religious Order to be devoted to educational purposes.

IN 1845, Cornelia made her solemn vow of chastity, a necessary preparation for her husband's ordination. In July Pierce Connelly was ordained priest, and the next day said his first Mass at the convent, where Mrs. Connelly led her daughter Adeline to the altar rail to receive her first Communion from her father's hands.

The future Cardinal Wiseman had long understood the necessity for better education for Catholic girls of good family in England, where, in 1846, female education was in many respects in a worse condition than at any time before or since. He regarded Mrs. Connelly, with her unusual gifts and character, as the one best fitted for this work

of educational improvement. Rome was approached, and Pope Gregory ordered Mrs. Connelly not to join any existing Religious Order as she was to work for Catholic education in England. Obedient, she began work on the Rules for the new institute, drawing on the Constitutions of Ignatius Loyola, Francis of Sales and Francis of Assisi. At first she pressed to commence her work in America, but the Holy Father replied: "From England let your efforts in Catholic education reach America."

Without friends, influence or money, Mrs. Connelly, then thirty-seven years of age, reached England. But her faith in God was like that of St. Teresa, who said: "Teresa and five ducats can do nothing. But Teresa, five ducats and God can do everything." With four companions she went to Derby, the city chosen by Wiseman for the first foundation. There she was speedily absorbed in her work in the schools and in all the details of the life of the new institute. And there Pierce Connelly, who had meanwhile accepted a chaplaincy with the Earl of Shrewsbury, struck his first blow. He took their children from her on the plea that they would develop better placed at another school, a painful blow and a cowardly one, for she had expected to keep them with her



CORNELIA CONNELLY
(Rome 1847)

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for several years to come. From Derby, where a member of the community has left on record that "we had the perfection of the religious life," a foundation was made at St. Leonard's.

AT the latter convent, in 1847, the storm broke. Pierce Connelly had at first kept aloft from Mother Connelly and the affairs of the Order, corresponding with his wife by letter. Unfortunately he did not persevere in this course. He developed a genius for interference, came personally to the convent, forced a spiritual director, a man totally unfitted for the work, on the community, and then proceeded to quarrel with Dr. Wiseman about his wife's vows; first, insisting that she must take them immediately, then, a little later, veering completely round, protesting against his wife taking any vows at all on the ground that as her husband he was responsible for her debts and those of her community.

His vagaries and interferences continued. He conceived the insane idea that as husband of the foundress he had the right practically to govern her Society, even going so far as to send to Propaganda at Rome a set of Constitutions for the Order which he had himself drawn up without submitting them to the foundress. She was obliged to protest to Rome that her husband had no authority to intervene in the affairs of the community. But Pierce Connelly detested opposition, and went from bad to worse. Sweeping down on the convent, storming for six hours in the parlor, he insisted on seeing his wife. On her director's advice she refused to see him. At prayer in her cell she fought one of the greatest of the many battles of her life. Departing, Connelly vowed vengeance on the little community.

LATER, when he had been refused permission by the ecclesiastical authorities to see Mother Connelly when he wished, he swore to ruin the convent and destroy the Order. The position rapidly grew more alarming. That winter the half-mad priest instituted proceedings in the Court of Arches to reclaim his wife. He renounced his faith, sought refuge with a notoriously bigoted Protestant family, and regaled his new friends with wild tales of monastic abuses and of Roman immorality. The Court of Arches decided in favor of Connelly. Mother Connelly and her companions were almost in despair. An appeal was taken to the Privy Council, which rendered a decision that gave to Mother Connelly the victory. Her husband then commenced to print scurrilous pamphlets attacking her and the Church. Finally, he carried his three children off to Florence, where

he acted as rector of the American Protestant Episcopal church until his death in 1883. He attempted no further communication with his wife, whom he had dragged through all the appalling publicity of the English courts, but who had never murmured against this cross of six years of terrific mental strain.

With Connelly's departure from England, that drama in her life was finished with forever. But she was always to suffer from the influences of his misdeeds, for suspicion and unfriendliness among many Catholics were to pursue her until the day of her death because of the scandal, she, all innocent, was supposed to have brought upon the Church!

Her life as foundress was a veritable *Via Crucis*. Difficulties about community debts, arguments about property rights, which dragged on for years without decision by the Holy See, were constant troubles. Then came the long and tragic delay over the approbation of the Rules and Constitution of the Society by Rome. Years passed and no action was taken. Indeed these Rules were not approved until after Mother Connelly's death. In spite of these constant worries she remained bright and cheerful, ever sure of complete vindication in the end.

HER energy was prodigious. Trials seemed but to spur her on to further efforts. She left nothing to chance, but attended to every detail of her institute's life and work, even to a close supervision of teapots and kitchen utensils to see that they were spotlessly bright. Her charities were innumerable: one girl in ten was educated free of charge. Under her constant and motherly care the Society of the Holy Child Jesus prospered exceedingly, and foundations were made in London, Liverpool, Blackpool, etc. Then came, fifteen years after the foundation at Derby, the foundation in Philadelphia, where, in poverty, as in the case of most of her foundations, the American work began. "The building in Philadelphia was so unsafe that the workmen expected to find the community buried in the ruins every morning. Three planks formed the community table. The mattresses were so narrow that if one turned in bed one rolled on the floor, while the floor itself was a Sister's washstand. Pea soup which was but greenish water with a pea or two at the bottom, was often their diet." Thus one of the Sisters describes the early days in Philadelphia. After Philadelphia, came the French foundations at Toul, and then at Paris.

During these latter years Mother Connelly's growing infirmities made necessary the use of a

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bathchair. Steadily her health failed after her long struggle with sorrow, worry and persecution. Her physical sufferings were extreme, but her last days were brightened, she whose life was but the life of her Society, by the permission given the Sisters to take perpetual vows, hitherto denied. It was the first ray of sunshine to break through the clouds which had enveloped her institute from its beginnings. In 1879, when seventy years of age, she died, not in a blaze of glory, but quietly and peacefully among her religious children. Her face, disfigured by disease, in death was restored to all its early beauty.

All through her life Mother Connelly's solici-

tude had been constant for her children. One, the boy Mercer, had died before his mother. Adeline and Frank were with their father when he died, refusing the ministrations of a priest who called to see him. After her father's death Adeline went to Paris where she rented rooms to students. Often she visited the house of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus in that city, and eventually, under the Sisters' gentle influence, she returned to the Church. But she was attacked by cancer, and with her brother went to spend a winter in Florence. There she died in 1900, offering her life for her brother's conversion and holding her mother's crucifix in her hands.

The Kiss

(For the Clothing of a Novice)

By SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O. P.

“**I**F I should kiss thee, little Bride of Mine,
The thorns that, twined about My head,
Bear bitter roses, liquid, red,
When I leaned down to thee, would transpierce
thine.”
“Come, kindliest wounds, that such a kiss enshrine.”

“If I should clasp thee, press to thine My face,
The mark of mouths that spat on Me,
The blood-caked mire, most foul to see,
Would stain thee with My failure and disgrace.”
“So be it, Lord, I run to Thine embrace.”

Earth's Golgotha

By THOMAS WALSH

ATHWART eternity as on the Cross
The world hung scourged and naked and
accurst;
Proud planets struck it from their paths as dross;
From out its anguish it exclaimed,—“I thirst!”

When lo,—all silvery on the void uprose
The spear that held the gall to mock its swoon,
And glint of icy tears and floods of woes
Took comfort in the coming of the moon.

The One Way Home

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for August, 1924)

Thas been well said that the cause of the Christian world's unhappiness to-day is that it has forgotten Christ. But, rightly to determine that cause more precisely, it is, that a certain part of the Christian world has systematically and deliberately forgotten our Lord Jesus Christ Crucified.

"I know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified," exclaimed the Apostle of the Gentiles, the great spokesman of Christ. And all through the centuries the crucified figure of the God-Man had been filling with pity, with wonder and with love, the hearts of those who looked upon Him and studied Him,—with pity for His sufferings, with wonder at the Divinity shining through His humanity, with love at the realization that all these sufferings were for ourselves.

Until, four hundred years ago, appeared the great modern heresy of Christianity! "We know Jesus Christ," said that heresy, "but we do not know Christ Crucified."

Crosses, in fact, were publicly burned by these "new Christians." And, since that time, millions of the followers of this new heresy have banished the Cross of Christ from their midst, have barred the figure of the Crucified from the very churches which they have raised to His memory.

"We know Jesus Christ," says to-day's great travesty of Christianity, "but nothing of Him Crucified, nothing of what He suffered, of why He suffered, for whom He suffered."

Is it to be wondered at that the hearts which should be throbbing with the love that surpasses all understanding, are growing cold and indifferent towards their "tremendous Lover," that even those who profess to be ministers of His holy Gospel are denying His very Divinity and the mystery of His divine love?

Scientific analysis of the Christ of the Gospels is very good, scriptural exegesis is very necessary; but, if all this knowledge does not ripen into love,

—“without charity, we are nothing!”

Love is what we need, what we must have,—love of Jesus Christ; a love beside which the greatest love between man and man or between man and woman is but a pale shadow; a love filling the soul with joy; a love that, once tasted, makes all merely earthly joys insipid; a love that sets the soul on fire to be united with the Divine Lover.

For, with such a love filling the souls of men, what place would there be for the insane passions which are goading on so many poor creatures to-day? What room would there be in men's hearts for ruthless ambition, for envy and hate and cruelty and lust and despair and drunkenness and pride?

WE can study and admire the Christ of Galilee, dignified, majestic, divine. But the passionate love for Christ, whose fire purges the heart of all uncleanness and every misery, is born only at the foot of the Crucifix; it is begotten only of the study of Christ Crucified, of the knowledge of what He suffered for love of us.

Bring back our crucified God and Lover into the midst of the souls for whom He died!

Bring back the story of Calvary, the sweetest ever told! Tell it over and over again,—to our children, to our young men and women, to our fathers and mothers, to the aged, the imprisoned, the sick and the dying.

Christ, without the Cross, is impossible. Christianity, without Christ Crucified, is a "tale of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

But, Christ with the Cross, Christianity with the Crucifix, is the most blessed love story ever told, the romance of God the Lover and man the beloved, in which only the old dream of the fairy tale, that the lovers "lived happy ever after," comes true.

The members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion are asked to pray especially during August that that part of the Christian world, which has wandered away from the Faith, may return on the one way home!

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership in it is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. FIRST DEGREE Members say daily Five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and also make, morning and evening, an Offering of the Precious Blood. SECOND DEGREE Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. THIRD DEGREE Members make fifteen Minutes Meditation daily on the Sacred Passion, besides performing the works of the First and Second Degrees. The SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY of the Archconfraternity consists in a CRUSADE OF PRAYERS and GOOD WORKS for the conversion of China, and for the welfare of the Passionist Missionaries in China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Jesus Crucified. Please send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

The Sixty-Eighth Congress

A Summary Review of Its First Session

By CHARLES A. McMAHON

HE first session of the Sixty-Eighth Congress was adjourned on June 7, after a session of six months. A review of its legislative record reveals the fact that less than two dozen laws of major importance were enacted out of a total of nearly 16,000 legislative proposals offered in the Senate and House of Representatives. A number of bills of particular interest to Catholics remain on the Congressional calendar for consideration when Congress convenes for its short session next December.

Outstanding among the bills enacted into law are the so-called Johnson Immigration Bill, with its Japanese exclusion provisions, limiting the immigration of aliens into the United States; the Tax Reduction Bill providing for an immediate 25 per cent income tax reduction; and the soldier Bonus Bill providing for adjusted compensation for veterans of the World War. Following passage of the last named in the House and Senate, in March and April respectively, the bill was vetoed by President Coolidge on May 15. The presidential veto, however, was overridden in the House on May 17, and in the Senate on May 19.

The chief feature of the new immigration law is the restriction of quota immigrants to 2 per cent of the number of foreign-born resident in Continental United States according to the Census of 1890. The minimum quota of any nationality will be 100. Nationality will be determined by the country of birth, treating as separate countries the colonies, dependencies or self-governing dominions for which separate enumeration was made in the United States Census of 1890. All others will be included for quota purposes with the mother country. In cases where changes in political boundaries have occurred since 1890, the Census figures will be revised so as properly to allot the quotas among the countries involved in such change of political boundary. Certain fermentations within the quota allotments are given.

AMERICAN consuls will issue to quota immigrants of any nationality in any calendar month no more immigration visas than 10 per cent of the quota for such nationality. This arrangement does away automatically with the possibility

of immigrants arriving at Ellis Island or elsewhere in excess of the quota, thereby correcting a situation which worked innumerable hardships under the former procedure.

Definite quota figures to be used under the new law are now being compiled, many new allotments being necessary because of the changes in political boundaries effected in the last few years. The following figures, totaling 161,184, are the estimated yearly quotas based on 2 per cent of the Census of 1890, plus 100 for each nationality named: Albania, 104; Armenia (Russian), 117; Austria, 1,090; Belgium, 609; Bulgaria, 100; Czechoslovakia, 1,973; Free City of Danzig, 323; Denmark, 2,882; Estonia, 202; Finland, 245; Free State of Fiume, 110; France, 3,978; Germany, 45,229; Great Britain and North Ireland, 41,772; Irish Free State, 20,886; Greece, 135; Hungary 588; Iceland, 136; Italy, 4,689; Latvia, 217; Lithuania, 402; Luxemburg, 158; Netherlands, 1,737; Norway, 6,553; Poland, 8,972; Portugal, 574; Rumania, 731; Russia, 1,892; Spain (including Canary Islands), 224; Sweden, 9,661; Switzerland, 2,181; Yugoslavia, 835; San Marino, 110; Andorra, 100; Monaco, 100; Palestine, 101; Syria, 112; Turkey, 123; Hejaz, 105; Persia, 125; Egypt, 106; Liberia, 100; Abyssinia, 100; Morocco, 100; Union of South Africa, 110; Australia, 220; New Zealand and Pacific Islands, 167.

What will be the effect of the Japanese exclusion provisions of the immigration law remains to be seen. At this writing Secretary of State Hughes has just replied to the protest of the Japanese Ambassador. Popular resentment in Tokio has already manifested itself in no uncertain manner. The United States is not expected to recede, however, from its announced policy in the matter.

THE Sterling-Reed Bill, providing for the creation of a federal department of education, with provisions for a \$100,000,000 subsidy to be apportioned among the various states on a 50-50 basis, again failed in the session of Congress just ended. So strong was the opposition to the proposal by the United States Chamber of Commerce and other similar organizations, and by leading educators of the country—opposition which the National Catholic Welfare Conference effec-

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tively seconded—that the Senate Committee on Education reported adversely upon the measure in the closing days of the session.

The creation of a department to be known as the Department of Education and Relief, with the head of the department a cabinet member, is one of the new proposals of the Joint Commission on Reorganization of Government Departments. It is proposed to consolidate in one department the fields of Public Health, Public Education and the Soldier Hospitalization Work. This proposal is specifically favored by a plank in the Republican National Platform.

The Birth-Control Measure, the Cummins-Vaile Bill, providing for the removal of the present prohibitions against the circulation through the mails of birth-control literature, failed of passage although considerable publicity was given to the proposal as the result of public hearings on the bill before a joint committee of the Senate and House Committees on Judiciary. At these hearings, Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., Director of the N. C. W. C. Social Action Department, and Miss Agnes Regan, Executive Secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women, the latter speaking for the Catholic women represented in the membership of organizations affiliated with the Women's Council, registered vigorous opposition to the Cummins-Vaile Bill, as did the representatives of a number of other religious and welfare organizations.

AN enactment of the Congress which received the endorsement and support of the National Catholic Welfare Conference was the Child Labor Amendment providing for federal regulation of the labor of persons under 18 years of age. The amendment is now referred to the various states for ratification by thirty-six of them before Congress can take further action. It should be remembered that ratification does not end the child-labor evil, as the adoption of the amendment by the several states merely empowers the Federal Government to enact a law which, it will be hoped, the United States Supreme Court cannot declare unconstitutional.

A bill of particular interest to Catholics was a provision, inserted in the Revenue Act for 1924 by Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania, which is designed to exempt the income of Mother Catherine Drexel of Philadelphia from the provisions of the Tax Income Law, due to the fact that her income is devoted exclusively to religious and charitable purposes. The enactment of this provision in the revenue law will enable Mother Drexel to apply an additional \$100,000 annually to the charities for which she has become noted.

It is interesting to note, as showing the trend of thought of certain legislators, that the Upshaw Anti-Sectarian Aid Bill failed of passage. This bill proposed an amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing that no state, city, county, etc., shall use its property or money raised by taxation for the purpose of establishing or maintaining any religious denomination which is under sectarian or ecclesiastical control.

Two important bills enacted into law were a bill authorizing an appropriation of \$40,000 for the participation of the United States in two international conference for the control of traffic in habit-forming drugs; and the appointment of a commission to select a site for the erection of a federal penal institution exclusively for the use of female prisoners.

ABILL providing for the enrollment of aliens and for registration at ports of entry of certain non-resident aliens was one of the many bills which failed of passage. No action was taken on the numerous measures proposing an amendment to the Constitution giving Congress power to make uniform marriage and divorce laws.

Another bill to fail was the Equal Rights Bill, calling for the amending of the Constitution to give women equal rights with men. It was vigorously opposed by the National Council of Catholic Women, the Women's Trade Union League and other women's organizations.

Numbered among the other legislative casualties of the session were: The World Court plan urged by Presidents Harding and Coolidge; the Bursum Pension Bill, (the presidential veto being sustained by one vote); the Postal Employees Salary Increase Bill; a bill proposing amendment of the Esch-Cummins Railroad Law; a \$111,000,000 Naval Appropriation Bill; the \$165,000,000 Good Roads Bill; the \$30,000,000 Rivers and Harbors Bill; and all bills proposing relief to the farmers.

It should be remembered in this connection that all bills before the first session of Congress remain on the calendars of the two houses and many of them will undoubtedly be pressed at the final session of the Congress which begins next December.

Both Senate and House were concerned with a number of important investigations, chief among which was the Senatorial inquisition into the leases of Naval oil lands.

Good and bad must be the record appraising the work of the first session of the Sixty-Eighth Congress, the good being about as much as the people could hope for in a presidential campaign year, and the sins of commission and omission as few as they have learned to expect from any Congress.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.



No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

THE ANGELUS

Can a person who does not know the prayers of the Angelus gain the indulgences?—P. H., Philadelphia, Pa.

A person who does not know the prayers of the Angelus can gain the indulgences by reciting five Hail Mary's in place of the usual prayers.

CREED. PRESIDENCY. NOVENA.

The other day I was talking with a friend of mine who is a Catholic. I asked her the meaning of "He descended into hell." But she did not know. (1) Did our Lord ever descend into hell? (2) Can a Catholic be president of the United States?.. (3) What is a novena?—V. P., Pittsburgh, Pa.

(1) The words "He descended into hell" do not mean that our Lord descended into the hell of the damned. He descended into a place called "Limbo" where the souls of the just, who had died before the time of our Divine Savior, were detained. The gates of Heaven had been closed by sin, and all the holy men and women of the old Covenant had to await the coming of the Redeemer Who would open for them the gates of their eternal home; and until that happy event they were forced to remain in "Limbo." To this place—called "hell" in the Apostles' Creed—our Lord descended after His death upon the Cross.

(2) "Can a Catholic be president?" This question is receiving nation-wide attention at the present time. The answer is: a Catholic can be president if he be elected. There is no constitutional disqualification, no written or unwritten law or custom to prevent it: it is all simply a matter of votes.

(3) A novena is a specific form of devotion in honor of Our Lord or of our Blessed Lady or of some Saint or Angel, which is repeated for nine consecutive days. Hence the term "novena" from the Latin word *novem*, meaning nine.

COLOR OF VESTMENTS

What is the significance of the different colors of the vestments worn by priests at Mass?—J. R. B., West Hoboken, N. J.

The five colors used by the Church follow the natural symbolism of colors. "White" is the color that denotes joy, gladness, and purity; it is used therefore on days of rejoicing such as Christmas and Easter, and on days consecrated to our Blessed Lady and other Virgins and Confessors. "Black" is the color of mourning and sorrow; it is used in Masses for the dead. "Green" is the color between white and black; it is used on feasts that are not exactly days of gladness nor are they days of sorrow. "Purple," the color of violets, is symbolic of lowliness, humility and penance; hence it is used during Lent and Advent and on rogation days. "Red" is the color of fire and blood; it is used on days dedicated to the Holy Ghost and also on days sacred to the memory of martyrs.

REDEMPTION

Jesus Christ came to save all men and died a cruel death for us. What would have become of us if the Jews of old had received our Lord as their King and had honored Him accordingly? W. M., West Hoboken, N. J.

The supposition is impossible. Your question touches on a profound mystery of our holy religion, namely, how men freely do what God has from eternity foreseen that they will do. God knew that the Jews would not receive our Lord as King but would crucify Him, and He repeatedly revealed this fact through Moses and the Prophets and the psalms. Hence it was impossible that the Jews should have acted otherwise than they did. Not that God forced them to act as they did, but He foreknew that they would act as they did, and therefore, since He cannot be deceived nor can He lie, the Jews could not have done other than fulfill His predictions and prophecies. This truth our divine Lord expressed to His Apostles after His resurrection, saying: "These are the words which I spoke to you, while I was yet with you, that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning Me." (St. Luke 24/44.)

SIGN OF THE CROSS

May I request that you inform me as to the proper method of making the sign of the Cross; specifying where the hand should be when each one of the Divine Persons is invoked, and Amen?—C. I. L., Scranton, Pa.

The proper method of making the Sign of the Cross is this: With the tips of the index, middle, and ring fingers of the right hand touch the forehead saying, "In the name of the Father;" then touch the breast saying, "and of the Son;" as the hand passes from the left to the right shoulder recite the words, "and of the Holy Ghost." "Amen" is added after having touched the right shoulder.

THE RED HAT

Recently a discussion arose in our office over the significance of the Cardinals' "Red Hat." It seems that some newspapers in referring to the elevation of two Archbishops to the Cardinalate stated, "Archbishops to get 'Red Hat'." My friends in the office (non-Catholics) wanted to know why their hats had to be red and just what the red hats stood for.—R. McC., New York City.

The significance of the Cardinals' red hat is thus expressed by Saint Antoninus: "Rightly is red given to these quasi-kings (the Cardinals) which color in their hat is the symbol of great charity in whose fire they must so burn that they be always ready to pour forth their blood for the defense and good of the Church."

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INSPIRATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURES

How do we Catholics know that Holy Scripture is inspired? Can we prove it from Holy Scripture?
—F. M. Brookland, D. C.

Catholics know that Holy Scripture is inspired in either or both of two ways: (1) apologetically, (2) dogmatically.

By the apologetic method we prove by historical and critical arguments: first, that the Sacred Scriptures are genuine, that is, they were really written by the persons to whom they are ascribed and at the time to which they are considered to have been written; next, we prove that they are integral, that is, they are entire and unadulterated; thirdly, we prove from their genuineness and textual integrity that they are true, that is, they relate words that were really spoken, events and facts that actually occurred. From this basis we prove the divinity of the person, the doctrine, and the promises of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Further, since Jesus Christ is Divine, His promises are true and efficacious; and as He promised infallibility in teaching to His Apostles (St. John 14/15), they, as a consequence, taught infallibly. In their teaching, the Apostles assert that the Holy Scriptures are inspired (Gal. 3/8; Heb. 1/5-6; 2 St. Peter 1/20-21; Acts 4/24-26; etc.); and since their teaching is, by the divine promise of Jesus Christ, infallible—therefore the Holy Scriptures must be inspired.

By the dogmatic method we prove from external motives of credibility that the Catholic Church is infallible, that is, the Church not only does not err, but that it cannot err in doctrines of faith and morals. Now, the Church teaches that the Sacred Scriptures are inspired and that all the books and only the books in her canon are inspired. Therefore, since the Church is infallible, what she says is true. This teaching of the infallible Church is the ultimate reason for the Catholic's belief in inspiration; it is even the ultimate reason for the non-Catholic's belief in inspiration.

Here in briefest syllogistic outline is the manner in which Catholics know that Holy Scripture is inspired. One cannot argue the fact of inspiration from the Scripture alone: this would be to commit the dialectic fallacy known as a *petitio principii* or "begging the question." The only logical approach and solution to this question is by either or both of the manners outlined above.

LIMPIAS

Whose blood is it that dripped from the Crucifix of Limpias?—A. R., Philadelphia, Pa.

Many witnesses testify that they have seen blood issuing from the Crucifix of Limpias. If this be true, this blood belongs to no one; it is produced miraculously.

MOTHERHOOD

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

A painful fact which makes the thoughtful mind ask "Whither are we drifting?" is the lowering of men's appreciation of the dignity of motherhood. For this the divorce laws are responsible—to an extent, but not fully. The blame can more justly be laid on women themselves. The "superior" ladies who will have one child or no child implicitly admit that their blood is not worth perpetuating—not is it. The wonderful "Nordic" families practise race-suicide in more senses than one. While the poor, despised Latin and Celtic are steadily increasing in sturdy, intelligent men and women, the Nordic race, in its deluded effort for eugenic men and women, is simply killing itself. It is only a question of time—if birth restriction is continued amongst them—when these people will, as a race, have ceased to exist.

We would hardly weep if those who so insistently wish to exterminate themselves should actually do so. However, they have so infected the moral atmosphere that even our Catholic young women, who should be more sensible, are catching the disease.

It seems to me that Catholic women, raised in such a common-sense religion as Catholicism, must be deceived, they must be in ignorance of the real harm they are doing themselves in aping the childless mothers of this "flivver" era of the world's history.

If young women could only be persuaded to spend less time with young men and more time with baby boys, if they could only be persuaded to put themselves in contact with children, the appreciation of the dignity of motherhood would grow apace. The tiny arms of a child are strong enough to hold back any womanly woman from the utter selfishness of "birth control" and to lead her to a place where hungry child-mouths and happy child-laughter and loving child-caresses make of mother a queen and of the home a paradise.

—F. H. N., Cincinnati, O.

A FAVOR

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

Some time ago my daughter's eyes were in a very bad condition and I was advised by my doctor that an operation was necessary to make them well again. I was very discouraged at the time and my only hope was prayer. I promised publication in THE SIGN if she recovered without an operation, and thanks be to God she is all right now. Please publish this letter in thanksgiving for the favor we have received.

A. M., Newark, N. J.

A CONVINCED AMERICAN

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

I am enclosing herewith a copy of a letter addressed to the Editor of the N. Y. "Times," and published in its issue of July 13. Many of your subscribers will be pleased to read this lesson in true Americanism.—F. X. S., Baltimore, Md.

[ENCLOSURE]

New York City, July 1, 1924.

It is amazing and entertaining to observe how the French people can tie themselves into all sorts of political knots without doing themselves or any one else the least harm. Take the recent Presidential crisis as a sample. President Millerand, an able and sincere statesman, was forced to resign the chief magistracy. The Communists chanted anarchistic songs in the Chamber of Deputies and the franc tumbled. Now just at the moment when the whole world awaited another Reign of Terror we find la belle France once again safe and sane with the ablest Frenchman living sitting in the Presidential chair.

The people of the United States, made up of every known race and creed, can take a lesson in tolerance and broadmindedness from the homogeneous French. Note that although nine-tenths of the people of France are Roman Catholics, the new President, M. Gaston Doumergue, is a Protestant and a Calvinist.

I lived in the United States twenty-five years and enjoy the dignity of American citizenship, but I am at a loss for an answer when Europeans ask me if in nominating candidates for the Presidency the political leaders of America take into consideration a proposed candidate's religion. Protestant America should learn once more of Catholic France. I am fully as Protestant as was Martin Luther, but I would consider myself unfit for American citizenship if I voted against any man simply because he was a Roman Catholic, a Jew, or a Mohammedan.

HYACINTHE RINGROSE.
Vichy, France, June 19, 1924.

In the Interests of the Business Girl

The Passionist Sisters Start Their Special Work In America

By NOREEN CAHALAN



CATHOLIC business women in the country may breathe a sigh of greater relief. Their hope of getting a roof to cover them is brighter because the Passionist Sisters have recently arrived from abroad to help in the project.

The association of St. Paul of the Cross and our well known business girl suggests the incompatible. We know that he haunts the silence and seeks the solitude to talk with God in the top shades of the mountains; but our active girl chats gaily with the crowds in the street cars, pounds the pavements at the bottom of our city canyons and is swung by elevator to the dizzy heights of an office building, to long sessions with her prattling typewriter. Yet these two characters, apparently so diverse, are intimately associated in the Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion, spiritual daughters of St. Paul of the Cross, who specially devote themselves to the service of the working women. Opportunely enough a branch of this Congregation has just been established in the United States. At the invitation of Bishop Hickey they have begun their work in his episcopal city of Providence, R. I.

The existence of this order of women is another proof of the Church's efficiency; it is another example of the numerous, varied, highly organized and consecrated forms of Catholic social service so little known, alas, by great numbers of our own Catholic people. I am told that the coming of this new body of nuns will be very gratifying to the bishops and sorely tried priests of the country who are trying to find homes for the thousands of out-of-town girls, but, more than that it will be a grateful relief to the thousands of working girls themselves.

THERE are now in the United States two distinct orders of Passionist Nuns; beside this active family there is a contemplative branch. Both are recent arrivals in the country and neither is generally known. In 1910 five Passionist Nuns, on the invitation of the Most Reverend Archbishop Canevin came from Corneto, Italy, and settled in a little cottage on the outskirts of Pittsburgh. This branch of the Passionist family is purely contemplative and lives a strictly cloistered life

of prayer and penitential works, entirely separated from the world and its affairs and its friendships and its families; and on the other hand the world is equally excluded from that cloister except for this that women, who may wish to do so, gather into the convent to make week-end retreats.

It is commonly said that there is no Religious Order of women in the Church more severe on flesh and blood than the contemplative Passionist Nuns; but, be that as it may, their rule and routine are very austere so that it is greatly to the credit of our young American Catholic women that vocations to the Community have come in a steady flow. But, then, if we must admit that theirs is a very stern rule of life we are also forced to admit that it produces sturdy constitutions. In the fourteen years those women have been following that rule there has not been one death in the Pittsburg Community.

FROM these contemplatives the active Passionist Sisters are distinct and separate both in aim and organization as well as in their origin and history, and yet again they are similar in many points. The garb of both families is very much alike. In feminine form it is a reproduction of the familiar attire of the Passionist Fathers; there is the black habit held in graceful folds by the leathern girdle with the rosary and crucifix hanging at the side and the holy sign, "JESU XPI PASSIO" is worn on the breast; both Communities of women are commonly and correctly called Passionist Sisters; both are spiritual daughters of St. Paul of the Cross.

The active order of the Passionist Sisters was conceived in an unusual outburst of commercialism and brought forth in a lamentable shortage of housing which resulted from a mad rush to the great industrial centers. In the middle of the last century young industries grew and flourished rapidly throughout England and there began a rush of the young from the small towns and farming lands to the cities. Many of these came from all parts of the British Isles. It was the season of the great exodus of the Irish from their dear but distressful country. They helped to throng the towns and produce an overcrowding incomparably worse than anything our boom towns or great cities have ever known. People were herded like

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cattle. Degradation was a natural consequence and, as usual, the women were victimized. Homeless, roofless, strangers, their condition was pathetic. And that was the plight of the working girl that called into existence the Passionist Sisters.

THREE were very few nuns and still fewer priests in England at that time but among the priests was one, Father Gaudentius Rossi, a very powerful, learned and zealous Passionist missionary. He saw the plight of those poor girls, homeless and friendless, and he established these Passionist Sisters to harbor and help them. He built the family around one who was a homeless woman herself. Her name was Miss Prout. She was the daughter of a family that was deeply religious and as staunchly Protestant, educated, sensitive and proud of their position. In her young womanhood this treasured daughter disgraced her parents and family by becoming a convert to the hated popish religion and they drove her from their door and disowned her forever. With a heart that understood them, she turned to labor for the unfortunate girls who were homeless and friendless like herself; and Father Gaudentius made her the foundation stone on which he would build up the Sisters of the Holy Cross and Passion to house the needy working girl.

Father Gaudentius called his first subject Sister Joseph, and he sent with her a little knot of other devoted and generous young women to work among the poor and homeless working girls, and to build a home for them where they might have safety and shelter from the cold and the unkind world. They went out seeking a roof to shelter and walls to protect the homeless girls; they went out to beg for this, to work for this and to suffer for this very simple and very necessary objective. That zealous little band prayed and labored and suffered for thirteen years before they succeeded in getting the first home.

THREE in a nutshell is the painful history of the first efforts of the Passionist Sisters. And what is the explanation of that long delay? To those who know the ways of God the explanation is very simple. The work had to wait for the Divine Signature—the Seal of the King—and that is, as everybody knows, the Sign of the Cross. They saw their holy enterprise branded by the blessed Sign in the form of sorrows and disappointments and opposition from above and below, from the good and the bad, from friend and enemy.

Bad people made unreasonable objections to the work and good people advised them to abandon

it; influential Catholics urged them to enter the educational field since there were so few academies for young ladies. Suspicious tongues spoke harshly against a mere convert heading a Religious Community. Support and sympathy failed or lapsed into cold indifference and mistrust, and months turned into years as these poor women went pleading for their girls. To the great and lowly they went, seeking help but only to be sent away coldly or to learn that mistrust had turned into dark suspicion or downright calumny.

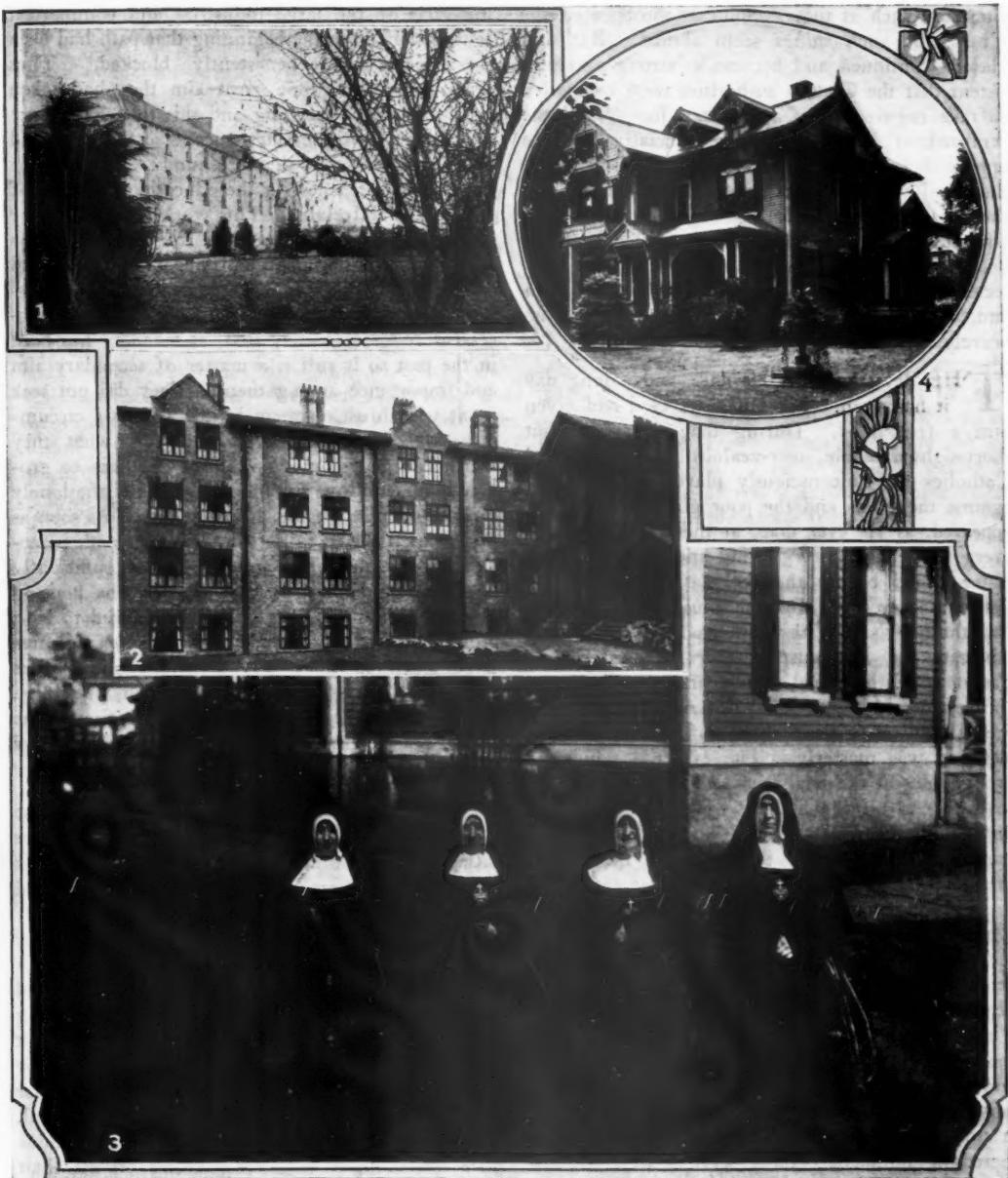
AS these dark years dragged slowly by a greater trial met the little band. Some of its members began to weaken and complain. In the hard circumstances it is no wonder that poor human beings should feel discouraged. Time was going on and little was being accomplished. Biding their time, they had occupied themselves as best they might doing work for God and souls. They took charge of "poor schools," taught catechism to the little ones, visited the sick and the poor and sought out careless and fallen-away Catholics. They seemed to be driven by circumstances further and further away from their goal. It is no wonder that discouragement begot complaints that the life was too unsettled, that the superior was too domineering or that the rule was too severe. By these thoughts some were overcome and abandoned the Community.

About the same time another great affliction befell them; their founder and great support, Father Gaudentius, was transferred from England to the United States. That was in the late fifties. At that time our own country was in great need of missionary priests and the Passionist Fathers in the United States were but a few young Italians ignorant of the language and customs of the nation. Father Gaudentius, also an Italian, had had fourteen years experience on the English mission field and therefore was the best fitted to introduce the great work of Passionist missions in the American field. Therefore he was sent hither by his superior and his little Community was left alone in its sorrow.

Like a true soldier of the Cross the great, strong founder simply and promptly went off and followed the path of duty, and his departure seemed a signal call to every power of wickedness to rise and act. Thoughtless and unkind tongues raged against those innocent and defenseless women. Plots grew, calumnies spread and charges of so grave a nature multiplied against them that a cry went up demanding the official suppression of the Order and the scattering of its members.

Unless we bear in mind the value of suffering

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(1). WEST VIEW OF PASSIONIST SISTERS' CONVENT, KILCULLEN, IRELAND. (2). ST. GABRIEL'S, VICTORIA PARK, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. (4). FIRST AMERICAN FOUNDATION, ST. GABRIEL'S HOSTEL, PROVIDENCE, R. I. (3). PIONEER PASSIONIST SISTERS IN AMERICA (left to right) SISTER DIONYSIUS, MOTHER GONZAGA, SISTER LOUIS, and SISTER PIUS.

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and recognize the part which it must play in every divine work we shall never understand or explain situations such as these. Subtract the Sign of the Cross, and such things seem absurd. But that clamor continued and became so strong and persistent that the Church authorities were compelled to take cognizance of it. Sister Joseph and the remnant of her family were officially cited to appear before an ecclesiastical commission that their rule and conduct might be solemnly and thoroughly investigated. These were dark hours for those few friendless Sisters. This was the deepest humiliation to which they could be subjected. But they had become used to persecution and, in their sense of innocence, they bore up bravely, trusting to God alone.

THE devil had had his day; and a long day it had been. For ten years God had given him a free hand. During that time good but short-sighted people, over-zealous but misinformed Catholics had unconsciously played a bitter part against the Nuns and the poor girls. Then God appeared, as He ever does, at the critical time in every righteous cause. Timid and trembling, the Sisters stood before the ecclesiastical court; yet determined to fight for the cause of themselves and their girls. With them stood as their legal advocate the Passionist, Father Bernard. The Passionist Fathers had begun and the Passionist Fathers would support and defend this work for the friendless girls. The defense by Father Bernard was masterly. The evidence which he brought out at the trial was a thorough exposition revealing to all the holiness of the rule and the unflinching generosity, sacrifice and singleness of purpose manifested in the lives of the Sisters themselves. The complete and sublime revelation brought shame to many cheeks but tears to more eyes; it compelled the sympathy and admiration of the clergy and won the friendship of the Catholic people. It rejoiced beyond words the thousands of working girls who knew and loved the Nuns. These left the court vindicated. Their trial had become their triumph. It was God's wonderful way of manifesting to all, far and wide, their holy rule and life and labor. Friends gathered around them. Vocations came to them in ever-increasing numbers. Their services were eagerly sought for. They steadily rose to their present position and influence. Their Order today ranks high among the most estimable Orders of women in English-speaking Europe.

That was only one of the blessings brought down upon the Sisters of the Holy Cross and Passion by opposition and persecution. There

was another. They had been founded originally to succor and support the needy and neglected working girls of the large industrial and commercial centers, but from the beginning that path had been mysteriously and persistently blocked. Thus thwarted in their one great aim they had taken up the work of teaching and this they have since followed with the greatest success so that now and for a long time past they are numbered among the most capable teachers in the educational system of England and Ireland. This work is provided for in their rule and has received the blessing of the Church. The Sisters qualify for diplomas and degrees.

It is greatly to the credit of this able and successful religious society that, as teaching has been in the past so it still is a matter of secondary aim and importance among them. They did not seek it; it was thrust on them by the force of circumstances. What they organized for, what they sacrificed their homes and loves for was to provide home and love for the homeless and the lonely girl stranger in the big, heartless city. As soon as they were allowed to pursue their own path peacefully and unmolested, and had grown sufficiently numerous to hold their first Chapter the housing of the business girl was officially declared to be a prominent part of their work. Active measures were taken to carry out that idea and before another year was past, they had opened, in a large manufacturing center called Bolton, the first Home for Working Girls. That was in 1864 or after thirteen years of painful struggle.

THAT is, indeed, the special vocation of the Passionist Sisters, not only because they are called by God and fitted by Him for that particular work, not only because in their hands it is touched with exceptional graces, but also because they have been engaged in that ministry for now full seventy years. These things and more are implied in their special vocation and are revealed in their early and dramatic history. To harbor the homeless working girl is their determination and they will not permit themselves to be turned away from it. For their persistent devotion to that humble and worthy labor they have endeared themselves to the faithful. Their unfaltering determination to harbor those girls has brought a visible blessing on all their undertakings. During many years special training in this particular sphere is given to the individual Passionist Sister. This department of Catholic social service is for her a matter of scientific study. She is a specialist; she must become a mistress in social and domestic science to aid the Catholic business girl.

The Return of Sarah

The Harrowing Experience of one William McNiff

By LUKE DILLEN



ALL the members of the Slocum Society of Sincere Spiritists were greatly excited. During the six months of its existence, their weekly meetings, though attended by the usual impressive ritual of drawn curtains, shaded lights and circle of clasping hands, had so far been productive of nothing more than mysterious rappings and shudderings of the little wooden table around which they sat. This, of course, was very satisfactory as far as it went, but what the members had been longing for was a real Materialisation. And now, at last their wish was to be granted.

Miss Crimp moved in quite the most refined circles when she was in town, and so, on one occasion she had the good fortune to be introduced to a lady, who was a bosom friend of Mrs. Measher, who was sister-in-law of the renowned Spiritualist, Mr. Adam Measher. Miss Crimp, immediately seized her opportunity. She made such good use of it that soon she was able to announce to her fellow Spiritists that she had received a promise of the presence amongst them, at no distant date, of her dear friend in The Cause, Mr. Adam Measher. The members were in turns vastly excited and, truth to tell, a trifle nervous. It was one thing to wish for a materialisation, and quite another to come face to face with one. However, the thing was done, and on the day fixed for Mr. Measher's visit, no one, even the least courageous of the Members of the Slocum Society of Sincere Spiritists, was missing from the apartment over Jones' Grocery Stores, in the High Street, where their meetings were held.

It was a dismal November evening, and the depressing sounds of the wailing wind and driving rain, were not cheering to the rather apprehensive group of Sincere Spiritists. Punctually at a quarter to six, Miss Crimp entered triumphantly, preceding Mr. Adam Measher. He was a small, rather nervous looking man, dressed in a frock coat and trousers a trifle too long. He wore very low heeled shoes and as Miss Crimp introduced him to the Members he shuffled uncomfortably round the room, presenting a decidedly dejected figure.

As the clock struck six, he assumed command of the proceedings, and the company seated themselves

round the table. While they did so he carefully examined the curtained cabinet placed at the further end of the room, and then, satisfied with the arrangements, came over and stood with his back to the fire-place.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said in an apologetic tone, "the object of our meeting to-night is known to all of you. I am aware that you have already obtained some evidence that Intelligences from over the border are anxious to communicate with you. Our efforts to-night will be centred on these two things: to assist the Spirits by every possible means, and to obtain the stimulus to our faith of a visible materialization. Now we will proceed to business. Firstly, will you kindly say whether any one of you is anxious to communicate with a particular departed friend?"

THERE was a dead silence. A timorously inquiring glance passed from one to the other of the ladies and gentlemen, and then suddenly a sorrowful-looking man in black spoke. "Yes," he said, "I would like to communicate with Sarah."

There was a rustling amongst the company, and one or two looked curiously at the man who had spoken. He was the most recent addition to their circle, and but little was known of him beyond that he was supposed to be a widower. "Sarah was his wife, no doubt," thought some sympathetically, and then Mr. Measher's voice was heard again.

"Very good," he assented. "Are you ready? I may be allowed to remark that the utmost prudence and calm are necessary in experiments of this sort. Carelessness on the part of any person present may result in fatal consequences to myself. You are ready? Very good!" He turned down the gas to a glimmer, and shuffling across the room to the cabinet, entered it and drew the curtains close behind him.

The fire had been deadened with ashes, but in the faint glimmer of the glowing coals beneath, the faces of the company looked weird and ghost-like. There was no sound beyond the heavy breathing of the medium asleep in the cabinet, and the occasional sharp swish of rain against the window. For a full hour they sat waiting, their hands lying on each others' on the table. At the head sat Miss Crimp, solemn and expectant, opposite her the

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mournful-looking man who had asked for Sarah, and on either side the flower of Slocum's Intellectuals.

A N outsider, suddenly introduced on the scene, might have questioned the wisdom of any spirit willing to leave the Better Land for a sojourn, however brief, in such uninviting surroundings. But the Slocum Spiritualists experienced nothing but complacency at the thought that they were the chosen means of communication with the other world, tempered, perhaps, with a half timorous anxiety as to what the attitude of the spirit, should it materialise, would be towards themselves. At last the silence was broken by the sound of some disturbance within the cabinet: the curtain shook violently, and the sleeping medium heaved a deep sigh.

There was silence again for a while and then a second disturbance in the cabinet, during which the awe-struck group at the table gazed as if fascinated at the shaken curtains. Presently these slowly parted, and the watchers saw, first the face of the medium—a white patch against the darkness within—and then, above his head, an egg-shaped, faint blue light, which quivered for a second suspended in space, and then slowly advanced out into the room. A shudder went round the circle as they watched it, for, as it approached them, it gradually grew in size and took form, first of a human head, a woman's head of severe outlines, covered with scanty brown hair, and then of a human body, thin, spare, dressed in a shabby blouse and skirt, growing more and more distinct and "solid" as it advanced.

It passed round the table very slowly with its eyes fixed smilingly on the man in black; when it reached his chair it stopped suddenly and, laying one hand on his shoulder, leant over and looked him full in the face. For an instant, the man's neighbors were half conscious through their fright that his hands gripped theirs like a vice, and his nails dug into their flesh; and then he had wrenched them free and sprung to his feet, knocking over his chair with a crash.

"Sarah!" he gasped. But his voice was drowned in the shriek that arose from the terrified listeners, at the sound of a heavy body falling. In the light of the gas, which someone had the presence of mind to turn up, they saw Mr. Measher lying prone, with livid face and starting eye balls, on the floor before the cabinet. Pandemonium was mild to the scene that followed: the ladies shrieked and fainted; the gentlemen were totally incapable of assisting themselves, much less others. Mr. Jones ran upstairs from his shop (backed by his

assistants), and, hammering violently at the locked door, angrily demanded to know what they were "a doin' of?" Mrs. Jones and the female members of the establishment stood in the passage, shivering and crying and wringing their hands. In short, no one seemed to have any sense left but the errand boy who ran out and summoned a policeman.

WHEN this official arrived, he found the door already opened, and, mustering all his dignity and courage, he marched in. His keen eyes travelled slowly round the room and beheld the bare table, the disordered circle of chairs, the group of trembling Spiritists in varying stages of collapse, and in front of the curtained cabinet, the prostrate body of a man.

"Ho!" he exclaimed, "is this murder or—suicide?"

"Neither!" cried Miss Crimp indignantly in a shacking voice, but the minion of the law held up a warning hand.

"You'd best be careful what stitements you mike, Mum. Keep 'em for the Judge—that's my advice." Then he crossed the room and, kneeling down, began to examine the apparently lifeless form. The Spiritists watched anxiously as he passed his hands over it. When he stood up, they almost shrank back in anticipation of what was coming.

"Dead as a door nile," he announced, drawing out his note book. "I'll hev to trouble you for your nimes and addresses, please."

As one man, and despite her evident reluctance, the Spiritists pushed Miss Crimp forward as spokeswoman. She took one step, and then with a piercing scream fell fainting into the arms of the policeman. Her friends, with ashen faces beheld, standing over the body of the medium, the figure of Sarah, apparently as much flesh and blood as any one of them, and infinitely less perturbed than the most courageous. The horrible truth slowly dawned on their bewildered minds. The materialisation had been a complete success—too complete in fact; for the medium dying at the psychological moment and thus having no longer the power to re-absorb the bodily tissue borrowed from him by the spirit, rendered it *impossible for it to dematerialise* and so, for good or evil, Sarah existed once more, as palpable and real as in the days before she "crossed over." Spell-bound with fear the Spiritists were saved from madness only by the matter-of-fact action of the policeman. "Here, I say," he commanded, addressing Sarah, "you just come awy. That there body aint to be touched. Gi' me your name and address, please." Sarah

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approached obediently, but said not a word. The huddled group in the corner scattered before her, leaving the little man in black standing alone.

"*You wanted her,*" said a female voice vindictively; and someone else cried—"She's your wife, isn't she? Answer for her then—"

SARAH halted by the policeman, and looked questioningly at the shaking form of the miserable man who had wished for her appearance.

He looked round in terror at his friends, but their countenances were friendly no longer, and he passed a clammy hand over his brow.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"Come now," said the policeman, "the lidy's your wife, I hear. What's her name and address?"

"Sarah—Sarah McNiff—16, Baker's Street," he gasped, while the officer continued his round of the room in quest of names and addresses. When he had finished he shut his notebook with a snap. "Out you get now," he ordered, "everyone of you."

And they went, in a great hurry and afraid to look back. On the landing the policeman pocketed the key and advised them to get home as quickly as they could. Miss Crimp, assisted by two friends, started to lead the way, but they were arrested by a sudden commotion among the rest of the party, and looking around, became conscious that in turning them all out of the room the policeman had also turned out Sarah. She stood with her hand on the arm of that most miserable of wretches, the unhappy man in black, and now for the first time she spoke.

"Come, McNiff," she said cheerily, "I've seen you afraid of me before but never anything like this. It's not very complimentary considering the length of time since we saw each other. Aren't you glad to see me?"

The little man's mouth opened, but he uttered never a word.

"Come now, Billy,"—she encouraged, "aren't you going to take me home?"

Once again Mr. McNiff's mouth opened silently, and he looked despairingly at the company.

"You'll have to," some one said pitilessly.

"I, I, can't," he stammered hoarsely, "I—I've married again!"

BUT this announcement made no impression. Sarah, tightening her grasp on his arm, insisted on her quondam husband reassuming his responsibilities towards her.

"Well, Billy?" queried Sarah, and Billy moved slowly forward to the stairs.

"Come on then," he murmured weakly. They went first, for somehow no one seemed to relish

the idea of being followed by the gaunt figure of Mrs. McNiff from over the Border. Out in the street, Mr. McNiff had a wild hope of eluding his companion at some corner and losing her in the darkness, but Sarah might have read his thoughts, so tenaciously did she cling to him and almost lead him to his home. "It's rather unfortunate you've married again, Billy," she said as they struggled along against the wind. "Who is the lady?"

"Minnie Spriggs," answered Mr. McNiff miserably. Sarah almost stood still. "What?" she gasped,—"that little hussy? I thought better of you, Billy, indeed I did. Minnie Spriggs to take my place—what next! I hope she makes you suffer for it."

"She does," assented her husband more mournfully than ever. Then suddenly his courage seemed to come back with a rush. "Sarah," he pleaded eagerly, "you used to be fond of me once, do be kind to me again. You don't know what an awful time of it Minnie will give me if you come home now. Do go somewhere else, there's a dear good soul. I'll pay for the best suite of rooms at the Blue Boar for you, I will indeed, or anywhere else you like. If only you knew how Minnie goes on, Sarah, you'd be sorry for me; she's something awful. In fact, it was that made me think of wanting to speak to you again. I wouldn't have dreamt of bothering you otherwise."

"You found the new love wasn't worth the old," remarked Sarah grimly, "but you're not very flattering about it anyway. However, William, I'm not going to the Blue Boar or blue anything else to please you. Why don't you send Minnie there? I've got first right surely. You just come along home and no nonsense."

PAINFULLY, Mr. McNiff remembered that when Sarah used to call him William it meant business; and so once more he submitted to the inevitable and relapsed into silence.

No. 16, Baker Street, was a very unpretentious general store. It was already closed and in total darkness when he unlocked the door and entered with his companion. They felt their way across to another door leading to the little sitting room beyond, from whence came the whirr of a sewing machine.

At this juncture McNiff's courage completely failed him, and, mopping his brow, he leant for support against the wall. But his wife was having no nonsense. She took him firmly by the arm and pushed him in front of her, announcing their entry with a cheerful: "Good evening, Mrs. McNiff."

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A bright fire was blazing in the old fashioned grate, supper for two was laid across half the red-covered table, a huge tabby cat dozed on one of the horsehair armchairs by the fender opposite where Mrs. McNiff, a small, fair woman with a thin mouth sat at her sewing machine.

At their entry the cat woke suddenly and darted, snarling and spitting, into a corner. Mrs. McNiff looked up in surprise from her work, and then her ruddy face paled and became, as if by degrees, a petrified image of terror, dissolving into horror and anger as she sat there staring at her visitors. "You brute!" she shrieked when she found her voice, shaking her fist at the unfortunate bigamist, "and you told me she was dead! You've deceived me, you villain—you low scoundrel—you wr—retch!" Then she melted. "I'll go straight home to mother," she sobbed, "and you'll suffer for this, you villain, you—you—blackguard!"

"I don't seem to be very welcome in my own home," remarked Sarah complacently, ignoring her husband's imploring looks. The second Mrs. McNiff took no notice of her, but seizing her hat from a nail behind the door, clapped it above her fair hair, and stabbed it furiously with her hat pins, sobbing and scolding all the while, and then darted past them out of the room, unceremoniously leaving the door open.

"Now you've done it," groaned Billy.

"Well, arent you glad?" demanded Sarah. "I should have thought you would have been, after what you said a while ago. Good thing she's gone, I think. There isn't room for the two of us here. Gracious!—look at the way she keeps her fire-irons! That wouldn't suit me, to start with."

AFTER taking the precaution of locking the doors, Billy came back and sat by the fire; he leant his head against the chimney and stared at the glowings coals, desperately striving to think, while Sarah strolled round the room, criticising this, altering that and generally disproving entirely of Minnie's management of her late chattels.

At first Billy felt a sense of relief at Minnie's departure, and then a panic of fear seized him lest she should return with her mother,—but the evening wore on without their being disturbed. During the whole of that miserable night, Mr. McNiff sat up, wondering how he would deal with his second on the morrow, and with the curiosity of his friends, who would be sure to turn up strong. Would he be put up for bigamy? he asked himself, or for murdering the woman who had been buried in his first wife's coffin? Or would Minnie's mother come back and kill him? She

was perfectly capable of it, he reflected; and after a bit he began to hope that would be his fate—it would be so much easier to slip away and leave them all to fight it out amongst themselves. But what would she use—the coal hammer? the carving knife? or poison?

NEXT day his troubles began before he expected. At six o'clock, Minnie's brother, on his way to work, knocked on the door. Billy looked out of the window and asked sheepishly who was there. "Hullo!" called back the young man, cheerily. "How is she this morning? I say, you have made a mess of it! Minnie's getting a summons out against you—wish you luck, that's all. I'll come in to-night and have a look at the old girl—so long!"

Minnie and her mother were the next on the scene; they arrived a little after seven, and Billy went down to let them in. They gathered in the little parlor at the back of the shop. Minnie's mother faced him. "Well, Sir," she demanded witheringly, "what have you got to say for your self?"

And then, conscious all the time that they would never believe him, poor McNiff made a clean breast of it. "Minnie—Mother," he stammered, "please be quiet a minute. I'll tell you the whole thing. It wasn't really Sarah Minnie saw last night—please—Minnie—but I was feeling very miserable lately because—" he hesitated, and then continued desperately

"—because Minnie was always nagging about one thing or another, and so when I went to the Spiritists's Séance yesterday I thought it would be a bit of a comfort to speak to Sarah again—she used to be bad enough, but she didn't nag—and so I asked for her, and her spirit was materialised, and it was the first time we'd gone so far, and I suppose we didn't know enough or something, and anyhow the medium died, and so you see, Sarah couldn't give her body back to him" (he was getting breathless with anxiety to bring some glimmer of understanding to their scornful faces) "and of course I couldn't leave her there as I'd asked for her, and so of course I brought her home. I suppose she's got to keep on living now she's back like this,"—he ended lamely and looked despairingly from one to the other.

"A pretty fine story indeed," sniffed Minnie's mother, "the man's mad!" "Did you hear him, Mother?" wailed Minnie, "He wanted that creature back because he was tired of me —And you tell me that with your own lips, you wretch!"

"My dear," soothed her mother, "be quiet; an'

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will you be good enough to tell us, Sir, where the spirit of your dear wife is at present?"

"Upstairs—asleep," replied the unfortunate husband, horribly aware how utterly ridiculous his answer sounded. Minnie went off in hysterics at that, and her mother laughed sarcastically.

"Well, you had better keep her there then till the police come for you. It'll be better for you if you go quietly. Come, Minnie, stop that noise."

AFTER a while Minnie condescended to obey, and uttering imprecations against Sarah and the miserable object whom they both called husband, she suffered her mother to lead her away.

Sarah slept on until late in the morning, and Billy thanked his stars she did, for the news had spread and callers were numerous. All the morning the shop bell hardly ceased tinkling, and McNiff had given so many accounts of the affair to the various visitors, affirmed and denied the same story time after time, sworn it was all a fabrication, and woefully acknowledged its truth so often, that by the time Sarah came down, he was utterly bewildered, and hardly knew whether to believe he saw her or not. She sat down by the fire without speaking or even looking at him.

"You've got me in a nice hole, Sarah," he said reproachfully."

"Have I?" she asked calmly, "Well, you've got me in a hole too. I wish to goodness you hadn't asked for me last night; I'm not used to this place anymore—I don't like it."

Her husband looked up quickly. "Can't you—" he began hopefully. "No!" she snapped. "I can't go back—at least not until the "energy" wears out. Goodness knows when that will be."

There were no more rings at the shop bell for some time, and they sat in silence by the fire, McNiff furtively glancing up now and then in the vain hope that the energy was even then evaporating, and that his wife would begin to fade away as she should have done last night. But nothing happened, and when by and by the shop bell tinkled, he went to answer it, leaving her looking as solid and substantial as ever.

This time the little shop was crowded. Minnie's brother had "brought a few pals" with him "to see the old girl."

"Here, I say," expostulated Billy, "this is too much of a good thing. I didn't think it of you, Henry, indeed I didn't."

"We only want to have a look at her," returned Henry cheerfully. "Don't get such a chance every day, you know."

"I s'y, mite," interrupted a man with an eloquent black eye, "'ow did ye keep 'er out o' the wy

so long? Caunt ye give a bloke the tip?"

"What did ye put in her coffin?" asked a third with morbid curiosity.

"Oh, Mr. McNiff," reproached another, "an' to think 'ow beautiful you played the widower too!"

"Oh, this is too much," moaned poor McNiff. His mind was working furiously all the time, and suddenly out of his bewilderment it evolved a plan.

"I say, you chaps," he said eagerly. "I tell you what I'll do. Sarah's a bit tired, and you really can't see her now, but supposing you all come round to a bit o' supper to-night? The old girl will be there too, of course, and we'll tell you all about it. Will that suit you?" The company demurred a bit at first, but finally departed, promising to turn up strong at eight o'clock that evening.

MR. MCNIFF returned to the parlor. Sarah was dosing in her chair. Billy sat down opposite and watched her. He intended now to work upon her feelings and induce her, in the presence of the company at supper that night, to tell the whole story herself and perhaps even to invite them as witnesses of her gradual fading away into the realm of shadows, which must take place sooner or later as her "energy" became dissipated.

But Sarah dozed fitfully all the afternoon, only waking up in a bad temper when the shop bell rang suddenly. It was only Henry come to say that his mother and sister intended being of the party that night. "Thought I'd better let you know, old chap," he said. "It 'ud be unkind to take you and the old girl unawares. So long!"

Sarah was decidedly snappish when McNiff returned. "Why on earth can't you sit still," she complained.

"But the bell rang, my dear."

"Who rang it?" snapped Sarah.

"A—a—friend o' mine," he stammered; "fact is, Sarah, there's a few friends coming in to-night, and I want you to—"

"Go on wanting then, if it's me you're after," she returned amiably, and her husband saw it was of no use pushing the subject any further just then. He spent a miserable evening, alternately making up his mind to bolt and leave it all—then to go and give himself up to the police. Never was mortal man in such a dilemma before, and from the bottom of his soul poor Billy heartily cursed the day he first heard of the Slocum Society of Sincere Spiritualists.

At six o'clock he could stand it no longer; he had been afraid to light the lamp for fear

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of disturbing his slumbering spouse, but the fire gave out a warm red glow which saved the room from total darkness. In the dim light he stood up and moved cautiously about, trying as noiselessly as possible to set the table for the expected guests, and looking anxiously every now and then over at Sarah's still figure, in the shabby skirt and soiled blue blouse, lying back in the firelight. At half past seven he came softly in from the kitchen. With his eyes on the figure over by the fire, he forgot the ruck in the carpet, caught his heel in it, tripped, and, clutching at the table-cloth as he fell, he brought half the crockery, the cold pork and a jug of beer down with him.

It seemed an eternity that he lay there, afraid to move, waiting for Sarah's strident tones. But nothing happened. He rose to his knees and peered furtively round the table. The fire had settled, and the room was almost dark. Was it imagination that made him think he could see the coal scuttle beyond the legs of the armchair which a while ago was hidden by Sarah's skirt?

"Sarah!" he called in a loud whisper. There was no answer. Trembling, he staggered to the mantle-piece and lit the lamp. Sarah lay back in the armchair—at least some of her did—but her feet had disappeared and her shirt faded into a transparent sort of fringe just below her knees. McNiff collapsed into the chair opposite and watched her with starting eyeballs. Presently the firelight shone through the hand hanging over the chair-arm, making it look like a demonstration of X rays.

"Her—energy's-going—" he gasped to himself. Five minutes later when the shop bell rang, Sarah, all but the lower part of her face and the arm hanging over the side of the chair, had vanished. Somehow this didn't surprise her husband; unheeding the bell, he stood watching her until these last remnants of her second mortal frame had vanished. "Her tongue and her right hand,"—he mused, "the strongest and heaviest parts of her—sure to be the last to go."

A quarter of an hour later the company had gathered in the little parlor, and the chair, so lately tenanted by the first Mrs. McNiff, was occupied by Minnie's mother.

"Well, me beauty," she remarked "and is the good lady asleep?" McNiff felt a trifle nervous, but for the first time in that age of twenty-four hours he was smiling. "If she only knew where she was sitting," he chuckled to himself. Before he could answer, however, the man with the black eye remarked, pointing to the débris on the floor: "Looks as though e's bin 'avin a bit of a scrap wiv 'er."

"Didn't the old girl like the idea o' number two?" asked Henry brutally.

McNIFF cleared his throat and smiled on the company. "Fact is," he said cheerfully, "she hasn't been here at all!"

"Wot?" cried Henry.

"The man's mad," said the mother.

"Sarah isn't here, I assure you. You can search the house—look anywhere you like. I assure you it's perfectly true. You know it is: why, most of you went to her funeral, ten years ago."

"You villain!" shrieked Minnie, "you tell *me* that! And where's the woman you brought here last night? Tell me that if you can!"

"He's murdered her!" said her mother.

"Really, my dear," Billy asseverated, "she wasn't here at all. In fact—you didn't see her."

The wildest commotion ensued among the company. Minnie threw up her arms and collapsed in a faint. Her mother ran to her assistance, while Henry and the man with the black eye went to search the house.

No trace could be found of Sarah to prove McNiff's guilt, and as he persistently denied she had been there at all, and no one but Minnie had seen her, there was nothing more to be done. The gathering dispersed, expressing themselves thoroughly dissatisfied with the evening's proceedings, and Minnie, vowing she would never return, went off on the arms of her mother and Henry.

AFFAIRS gradually settled down in Slocum. Much to the relief of the Society of Sincere Spiritists, the jury returned "heart disease" as the cause of the medium's death.

Minnie never forgave her spouse for the unexplained episode of his first wife's appearance. She wrote him a curt epistle to the effect that her feelings would not permit her to live in harmony with a low-minded wretch who could tell her to her face that he had sought comfort from her in the presence of a rival, even though that rival were a dead one. Henceforth she would live at home where she was loved and her feelings respected, and she remained his truly, Minnie Spriggs.

Many a time afterwards, would Billy McNiff, a happy bachelor once more, sit by his own fireside, his pipe in his mouth and a jug of ale by his side,—waiting thus for a few friends to drop in for a friendly hand at cards. He would ponder for a while over the astonishing events of the past, but always finally decided that much worse might have happened to him than to be left a happy and unfettered bachelor for the rest of his days.

Penitent: Apostle: Founder

The Life Story of St. Paul of the Cross

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

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CHAPTER XIX

Suprema Hora



NE of the final recommendations of the Father and Founder of the Institute of the Passion, at the close of the last Chapter General at which he presided, was that the brethren should exercise great charity toward

one another, and that the Superiors should correct and admonish with kindness and gentleness. He never ceased, during the few months of life that remained to him, to inculcate peace and mutual forbearance and charity, which he seemed to wish to bequeath to his own as his last legacy. When all is said, this had been his predominant characteristic in all his dealings with his sons, and they frankly confessed, that they need never hope to find "charity like to that of our Father."

His extreme consideration for others was revealed in a hundred ways during that dolorous last period of illness which preceded the end. He was humiliated at his condition, which was that of complete dependence, and, more than once, he said to the infirmarians how much he regretted being obliged to trouble them for every least need. "I am a useless burden upon the community," he would exclaim. He suggested that he thought it would be better for him to ask the Prior of the great public hospital of S. Giovanni to receive him into one of the wards for paupers, as it was not right that he should continue to be so grave a charge to the Congregation. In vain the Religious sought to reassure him, saying that they only wished they could do more for him; but he shook his head. "I am a burden, and only your great charity and kindness enables you to put up with me."

FROM time to time he spoke of his burial: he wished it to be wholly without honor and unaccompanied by mourning of any kind. Already, before the death of Clement XIV, during that severe illness of which the Pontiff cured him, he had expressed his desires regarding his interment. "If I had my deserts, my body should be buried under a chestnut-tree, like that of an animal; but that may not be, because I am a son of Holy

Church. Please lay me temporarily in the church of the Ginnasie," (a community of nuns dwelling in the neighborhood of the Hospice), "and when the flesh is all gone, take my bones in a sack, by donkey-back, to the Retreat of St. Angelo, and lay them near those of my brother, Father John Baptist." When the words were repeated to Pope Clement, he shrugged his shoulders expressively. "The Ginnasie indeed! He shall rest temporarily in the vault of the Conventual Friars, at their church of the Holy Apostles; and, afterwards, if the Congregation wishes to make some other disposal of the remains, there are our carriages in the stables at Monte Cavallo."

These discussions had taken place for the reason that the Hospice, where there was no church, there could be no place of burial; at Sts. John and Paul this difficulty did not exist. But Father Paul would still have wished to be buried most humbly, as he had said, beside "his holy brother John Baptist," at Vetralla. His confessor, who knew that Pope Pius VI desired to defray the expense of the venerable Father's interment in Rome, answered him only: "Obedience in life, in death, and after death. Our blessed Lord allowed his disciples to do as they would with His sacred Body." Father Paul spoke no more of his wishes. He discussed his death and burial with complete serenity and undismay.

THOSE around him marvelled that life still endured in that wasted organism. The month of July, so hot and exhausting in Rome even to the healthy, clasped, and the Father was a little weaker. August, yet more terrible, followed, and there was no change. Father Paul was making the novena of the Assumption, calm as though it were not to be his last on earth. He spent almost the whole day in prayer. The infirmarian noted that with his breath which had grown short and labored, the venerable invalid was struggling to say Ave Maria after Ave Maria, in honor of his Queen. "Father, you haven't enough breath to live hardly, and you go and use it up saying the Rosary!" "I shall say it," the answer came, "as long as I have life, please God. And when I can

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no longer say it with my lips, I shall still keep on saying it with my heart." On the fourteenth, he asked the Brother to awaken him in the night, if he should be sleeping, as he did not wish to miss the "Rosary Hour" which, on the vigil of the feast, he was wont to keep in prayer.

HOLY Mass was celebrated every day in the little alcove which formed an oratory, only a few feet removed from the invalid's bed. By his own request, the celebrant was a Father with an extremely clear and resonant voice, so that, the aged man could follow all the inspiring words of the liturgy. He received Holy Communion every morning, and frequently he had abstained from taking even a drop of water during the night; though, on account of his condition, he had received a dispensation which would have permitted him to drink before receiving.

Toward the end of August, Dr. Giuliani felt it his duty to notify Father Paul and to advise the community that it was time for the beloved invalid to receive the last Sacraments. The Saint was overwhelmed with joy when he heard that his time was drawing nigh to go to God; like that other who, centuries ago, had cried to the physician: "How is it, Sir, that you bring tidings so glad, and ask no fee!"... The Holy Viaticum was brought from the church, by the Father First Consultor, the brethren carrying lighted tapers processionally and singing the hymn of the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Paul saw them all enter, rank upon rank, these poor sons he had loved so much, and his own heart must have yearned over their sorrow. But it went like an arrow to his adored God of the Eucharist, "Ah, dearest Jesus," he cried aloud, "I

protest that I wish to live and die in the communion of Holy Church! I detest and abhor every error." Then slowly, distinctly, impressively, his soul throbbing life and pulsating faith into every word he uttered, he recited the Symbol of the Apostles. After that he paused.

The Religious had begged him to speak to them, and that the message he spoke to them at this supreme hour might remain with them for all time. The message has been treasured, word for word. Two Religious, placed in the alcove where he could not see them, wrote faithfully syllable after syllable as he uttered them. "Dearest Brothers, the thing that I recommend to you above all others, is brotherly charity: love one another in holy charity. This is the remembrance which Jesus Christ left His disciples: *In hoc cognoscet omnes quia discipuli mei estis, si dilectionem habueritis ad invicem.* I remind the Fathers, and especially the First Consultor, to preserve in the Congregation the spirit of prayer, the spirit of solitude, the spirit of poverty. If this spirit is preserved the Congregation will shine like the sun: *fulgebit sicut sol in conspectu Dei, et coram gentibus,* and that for all eternity." The words were short enough, but he was very



WAX MASK OF ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS. TAKEN AFTER HIS DEATH.

weak, and the effort used his last strength. He turned to the God who was waiting, and with that vivid perception of Who his divine Visitor was, he summoned Him eagerly: "Veni, Domine Jesu."

THE officiating priest pronounced the ritual words of mercy and remission of sin, and then lifting the Host, began the "*Domine, non sum dignus.*" Father Paul struck his breast with great force, but before taking the Holy Communion, he turned once more to the Religious begging them

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to pardon him for all the bad example and scandal he had given, and asserting earnestly that "his heart wept" at his many transgressions. He implored his sons, present and absent, to forgive him all the faults he had committed in his office as Superior. "Ah, poor me," he added, here I am about to leave you and to go to eternity, and nothing remains behind me but my bad example! Yet I must confess to you that this was never my intention, for incessantly I have had at heart, the desire of your holiness and perfection. So I beg your pardon once more, and I recommend my poor soul to you, that Our Lord may deign to receive it into the bosom of His mercy, as I hope by the merits of His most holy Passion and Death. Yes, my dear Jesus, although I am a sinner, yet nevertheless I hope to come soon to enjoy You in Heaven, and at the moment of my death to embrace You in a sacred kiss, to remain united with You in Heaven, to sing Your mercies eternally. And I recommend to You now, and forever, this very poor Congregation which is the fruit of your Passion and your Death. These, my dear brothers, are the remembrances which I leave you with all the effusion of my heart. I shall await you in Paradise."



STS. JOHN AND PAUL, ROME.
The Cross marks the window of the room in which St. Paul of the Cross died.

IN the hot stillness of the August day, the flame of the torches scarcely stirred; and in the quiet room was heard only the stifled weeping of the "poor brothers." The priest came to the side of the low bed, and bent with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands: "Receive, O Brother, the Viaticum of the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ that it may defend thee against the wicked enemy and lead thee into eternal life. Amen."

For a while the dying Saint remained in complete silence, wrapped in adoration. Then his thoughts seemed to turn to the more lowly of the children of his family, and he addressed the Fathers who had remained beside him, begging them to have the Rule translated from Latin into the common

tongue, that the lay-brothers might be able to read it for themselves. He then imparted his blessing to all the Religious present and absent, and to all the Retreats. Again one of those long silences, pregnant with prayer and holy thought, fell upon the venerable Father, and he only broke it after a long time, to remind the Superiors of the Congregation that all the houses were to be founded in solitude. One by one, Father Paul recalled several benefactors whom he wished to remember, and their names came successively to his lips. He mentioned in particular the Sovereign Pontiff, who had shown him so much benevolence. He desired

that prayers should be offered every day specially for the Holy Father, and that the little picture of Our Lady of Sorrows painted upon metal should be offered to Pope Pius VI in his name after he was gone.

THE Saint's confessor, Father John Mary of St. Ignatius, was absent giving a mission at Caprarola in the hills above Sutri; no sooner did he learn of the gravity of Father Paul's condition, than he returned to Rome with all speed. The venerable Father manifested joy at his arrival. "You have come to assist me," he said, "and to close my eyes." During the next few days, the imminence of the

peril grew less. On the eve of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, he desired to make his confession in preparation for this solemn anniversary and festival of the Cross. Father John Mary testified that the venerable penitent declared to him ingenuously that, "by the grace of God, his conscience was perfectly quiet and at rest."

Father John Mary had left another preacher to finish the mission at Caprarola, and his conscience was now divided between his great wish to remain with the venerable Father and his next engagement which was to give a mission at La Tolfa near Corneto. It was Paul of the Cross, mindful perhaps of the word of Mary that he would go to God in October, who reassured his confessor. "You

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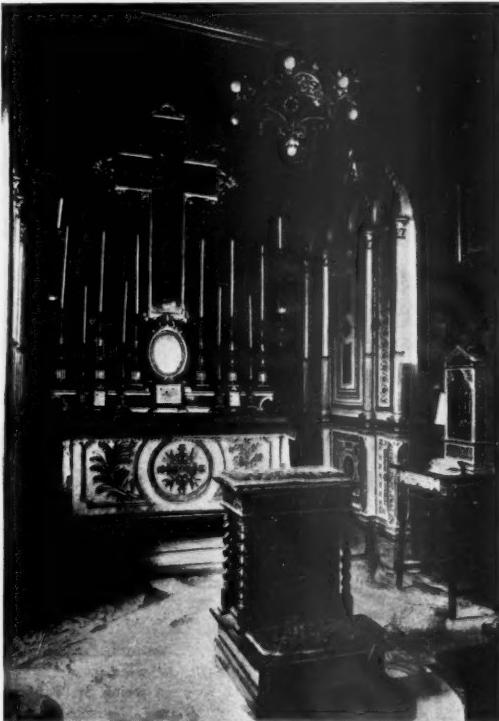
can go with an easy mind, Father. My death will not be far now."

September ended and October began. Father Paul knew well that now the end was near. Desiring to die stripped of all things, he made into the hands of the Superior of the Retreat, the renunciation of the few objects of which he had had the use, and begged the charity of an old worn habit that he might die wearing the livery of the Passion, and take the same to the grave with him. He also begged that he might be laid upon the floor when the end drew near; and he protested that he did not wish to retain the mattress upon which he was lying and which his long, crucifying illness had made so necessary, saying that he wished to die poor and as a penitent. To satisfy him one of the two mattresses was removed, but it was impossible to lay the wasted body upon straw.

TIDINGS reached Father John Mary at Tolfa that the venerable Father was sinking, and once more he returned post-haste to Rome. Paul of the Cross was indeed sinking, and he said that he would be very glad to receive Extreme Unction. On Saturday evening, Father John Mary heard the Saint's confession. It was the eve of the feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin. Ever desirous of receiving the Sacraments with great devotion and preparation, on the Sunday morning he begged Ven. Father Strambi, to recall to his mind all that concerned the Sacrament of Extreme Unction which he was to receive that day. It was Father Strambi himself who administered the Sacrament to the dying man, early in the afternoon, and after bringing in the Holy Oils, he addressed to the venerable aged Father a few words regarding the ceremony he was about to perform and its significance and efficacy. Father Paul listened attentively. With great recollection and piety, his

hands clasped upon his breast, he received the different unctions, and his expression of humility and self-abasement, and the tears that coursed down his cheeks, confessed aloud his sense of unworthiness.

The first beautiful weeks of October had elapsed, and the eighteenth day of the month broke fair, yet with a certain sharpness, as of autumn grey and chilly winds to follow. Holy Mass was celebrated at the altar in the Saint's room and the priest wore white vestments for the feast of St. Luke the Evangelist, Luke the "beloved physician," and particular historian of Mary whom Paul of the Cross held in peculiar veneration. He received Holy Communion with his usual piety, and presently begged the brother not to let anybody come in and see him, as he wished to be alone with his Lord.



ROOM IN WHICH ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS DIED—NOW MADE INTO A CHAPEL. THE CRUCIFIX IS THE ONE HE TURNED TO WHEN HE WAS DYING.

BROTHER Bartolomeo used his own judgment in the matter of visits. The Father wished to be quiet, but here was the Bishop of Scala requesting to see Father Paul, and one could not refuse so exalted a personage. Father Paul was so good he would certainly forgive him if he brought in the Bishop. Father Paul was dying, but so gently, so quietly, the end was scarcely believable. About an hour later there were two more visitors, a Religious of the Camaldolesian Congregation, and a friend of his, a gentleman of Ravenna, both of whom desired, for their edification, to see Paul of the Cross. The Father could not speak at the time, but his gentle eyes welcomed them, and having made sign to the Brother that he wished for some of those small brass Crucifixes which he was in the habit of distributing as souvenirs, he presented one to each of the two strangers, with eloquent gestures, touching first the Cross and then his forehead, as though bidding them bear Jesus Crucified always in mind.

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Toward noon there was a sudden arrival which, though it was not unexpected, yet came almost as a surprise and stirred the dying man with deep emotions of love and joy. Father Thomas Struzzieri, now Bishop of Todi, yet still a faithful and devoted son of the Passion, had been absent for many years. He had heard that Father Paul was drawing toward the end of life, and he wrote to say that he was hastening to the Eternal City and that he begged Father Paul to wait, and not to go without seeing him. Paul of the Cross smiled at this word of one he loved so much. "Tell him that I will wait for him," he answered. Don Thomas came post-haste. A very sweet smile stole over the face of the dying Father when he saw this beloved and famous son. He had waited; he could see him once more. With a pathetic courtesy, he removed his little skull-cap, attempting to make a bow to the Bishop, and his voice, which he had been unable to use an hour before, came back in the emotion of happiness which quickened his pulses. "I rejoice, Monsignore," he said with the quaint stateliness which he felt due to this man, "I rejoice to see you in good health." The heart of Thomas Struzzieri must almost have broken at the sight of the wasted, extenuated, dying thing which had been Paul of the Cross. But it was Paul of the Cross still, notwithstanding, and a Saint of God. The Bishop bent and kissed the frail hand lying upon the coverlet. They spoke together for a few moments, and the revived brightness of the face testified to the Father's joy at the return of this cherished son. Struzzieri withdrew and Father Paul, calling the infirmarian, desired to know who had accompanied the Bishop, and if all were provided for.

ABOUT 2:00 P. M. he began to feel chilly and distressed. He begged the infirmarian to turn him in the bed so that he could look upon the great Christ hanging on the wall. Then he said: "Please call Father John Mary for me, that he may assist me, for I am going now soon." But Bartolomeo answered that he saw no immediate danger, and that the doctor had found him, if anything, a trifle better. Father Paul had given way to this dictator often enough; this time he insisted. "Yes, yes, do call Father John Mary that he may assist me." Instead of obeying, Bartolomeo, who had too much authority and who abused it, drew a chair to the bedside and endeavored to engage the dying man in conversation.

Bartolomeo did not believe the end had come. He finally left the Father's room, but, even then, he did not call Father John Mary, and went instead for the First Consultor, asking him to come and see what he thought of Father Paul's condition.

Meanwhile the dying man felt the cold invade his being inch by inch. When he saw the Consultor enter the room, he repeated the pressing message: "Assist me for I am nigh to death." "Your Reverence is probably feeling the change in the weather, Father, and that is what is making you chilly." "No, no," he reiterated, "assist me for I am going to die." They called Father John Mary at last, so simple a thing to do for him, yet he had had to ask it four times, and it was only just then, as the Consultor went out to summon the confessor, that Brother Bartolomeo saw the dread change come over the beloved face. He ran out to call others to his assistance, and the Religious met him and rushed to Father's bedside. There was to be no reprieve, no coming back this time. He was at the end, and every man there saw and knew it. Father John Mary, whom he had been so anxious to see, was the very last of the community to enter the room. Only one more came after him, and that was the Bishop of Todi. The Father Rector began to read the prayers for the recommendation of the soul; and around the bed knelt the brethren of the Passion, and two or three laymen, Antonio Frattini among them. Harrowed with grief, Father John Mary and Bishop Struzzieri, standing close to the bed-head, bent to the dying Saint to speak strong words of sustenance and consolation.

FATHER John Mary pronounced the last solemn Absolution, and the First Consultor, in obedience to a special message which came from the Sovereign Pontiff in person, imparted the Apostolic benediction, and the plenary indulgence *in articulo mortis*. Paul of the Cross showed all the physical symptoms of dissolution, and yet in some mysterious way, the spirit in him alive, bright, one would have said alert, witnessed the perishing of the body, and itself remained calm in the midst of this collapse of nature, as it were unconscious of its horror, and tranquilly unafraid. The pallid countenance, the ebbing breath told one story; and the quiet eyes fixed now upon the Crucifix, and now upon the image of Our Lady of Dolors, revealed another.

Suddenly, the Father began to make gestures, expressively using his hands; and in these active and rapid movements he signified two things: he wished the persons around his bed to move away and to make room for others who were approaching; and he welcomed, with profound reverence of courtesy, the unseen company moving toward his bed. The infirmarian sought to divine his desires: "Father, what is it?... What do you want?"... Paul of the Cross gave no sign of having heard; he wanted nothing more of this

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world, absorbed as he was in some celestial sight, vouchsafed to him even as he stood with ready feet upon the threshold of eternity. None of those around him saw what with unveiled eyes he was beholding, but a soul worthy of faith, testified later on that Father Paul had appeared to her at the hour of his death, and had told her that as he was about to depart out of this life, our Blessed Redeemer had advanced to meet him, accompanied by His beloved Mother. With them came St. Paul, his patron, St. Luke, and St. Peter of Alcantara; and then Father John Baptist, his brother. Then a whole company of Religious of the Passion who had died holy deaths. And then still others, a great multitude, sinners he had converted during his missions, robbers and bandits whom he had won from their evil lives, souls brought to God in holiness by his preaching and labors. What witnesses for him before the throne of God! A poet might dream such a vision as this for a dying saint; and has not God the power to make it true?

FATHER Strambi, who had been reciting the ritual prayers finished his task, and taking up the Gospel began to read the Passion according to St. John. They saw then that Father Paul was listening and that his soul drew sustenance from the word of God. Presently fifteen minutes before he died, and about four o'clock of the afternoon,—he closed his eyes: quite simply and naturally—never to open them again.

They could scarcely believe that he was dead. He was lying quietly on his left side, facing the Crucifix, and that unspeakable last peace, that air of waiting and listening silence, which in him was united with an altogether extraordinary sweetness of expression.

Antonio Frattini hastened away to tell the Pope that Father Paul was dead, and Pius VI clasped his hands in sympathy and regret. Immediately he gave orders that the body was to be placed in a double coffin, well-sealed, in a place apart, and that he would defray the expense.

All night the body remained in the room in which the Saint had died, the brothers watching it, and his aspect was so natural and so gracious they found it difficult to believe that life was gone. In the morning he was carried down to the church, and exposed there before the altar. As soon as the doors were opened, people began to pour in to see "the Saint;" and they might well look upon him, for, as the hours passed, the face grew more and more resplendent in beauty.

The appearance of life was so great that all felt it to be a crime to remove this beautiful and holy body from sight.

Fortunately for us, the Roman custom, in vigor then and still in vigor, of taking an impression of the face in plaster when it was deemed desirable to preserve the likeness of the deceased, prompted the Superiors to have this cast taken in the case of their holy Founder. Of this mask two precious wax replicas are in existence. One copy is preserved at Sts. John and Paul in Rome, and the other at the Monastery of the Passionists Nuns at Corneto.

It was necessary to again change the habit, as it had been cut to ribbons by the indiscreet piety of the visitors, and this was done just before placing the body in the casket. Many had the opportunity of seeing then a scar which Paul of the Cross had ever kept jealously hidden, namely the Name of Jesus which, in the days of his ardent youth, he had engraved deeply over his heart with a blazing iron; and that graving had been no light one, for, after the long years elapsed, the breast kept the profound sear still of the I and S, side by side, with over them a cross. Thus had he stamped indelibly, in his own living flesh, the "remembrance of Jesus and of His Passion." The secret was revealed now by the beautiful mute body, passive in the hands of those who were preparing it for burial. In the first coffin was laid a tube of glass and lead containing a brief account of the Saint's life. The second coffin was closed with several seals.

THE double casket was laid in the small mortuary chamber, which then existed at the foot of the southern aisle, the last prayers were recited, and the door was locked. Pius VI was shocked when he heard that Father Paul was already buried, and regretted that some order had not been given to delay; in the morning, when the church doors were opened and a devout crowd was found to have already assembled on the square, long and loud were the lamentations that their dear Saint had so hastily been taken from them.

Two days later, on the evening of the 21st of October, the zinc envelope having been prepared, the mortuary chamber was opened, the seals examined upon the coffin of wood, and the inner caskets set within the outer one, which was soldered. The grave, according to the Sovereign Pontiff's wishes, had been opened in the church wall, at the left as you enter the basilica and toward the foot of the southern aisle. The spot may still be seen. There Paul of the Cross awaited the day of God, when the Almighty Father was glorified in this lowly son, and the Church, which he had loved so much, raised him to the splendor of her altars. *(The End)*

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



The Seven Dolors of Mary

Some Thoughts and Affections on the Mother of Sorrows

THE LOSS OF THE CHILD JESUS

"And his parents went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the pasch. And when he was twelve years old, they going up into Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast, and having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the child Jesus remained in Jerusalem; and his parents knew it not. And, thinking that he was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought him among their kinsfolks and acquaintance. And, not finding him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking him, And after three days, they found him in the temple." (St. Luke: 2/41-46).

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

IT is not hard for us to picture the dismay of Mary at the realization of the loss of her only child. But we will never be able to comprehend her heart's sorrow at the thought that she had lost her God.

A very strange and a very terrible fact it is that we poor creatures, made by God for Himself alone, can pass our lives in almost utter indifference to the place that He holds in our lives. "No one is less missed on earth," Father Faber has well said, "than He Who made that earth." Many live with only an occasional thought of God, many others think of Him only to wish that He did not exist.

How different with those who truly know God, who have tasted the sweetness of His Presence in their souls, who have surrendered themselves to His love, and have found in that love a foretaste of the happiness of heaven. How different with these lovers of God, His saints! Like Mary, their mother, they have been allowed to suffer many things with Jesus; but they have been one in telling us that all their agonies combined could not compare with the terrible feeling that God has sometimes allowed to come upon them, the thought that God has deserted them, that they have lost Him. St. John of the Cross has called this feeling of loss

the "dark night of the soul;" and many other saints have given us such descriptions of its tortures that we can compare this suffering only to the pain of loss of the damned.

In the second dolor, we saw that during the Flight into Egypt, Mary found joy with her Baby clasped to her breast. But now, her arms are empty. Jesus has gone. With Him has gone all the light and love and happiness of her soul and nothing remains but the sword of grief in her heart and an overwhelming sense of loneliness and desolation.

This is the suffering that is to bring from Mary's lips the one word of complaint of her entire life: "Son, why hast Thou done so to us?" But, let us remember that the same kind of suffering brought from the lips of the Son of God Himself a similar cry upon the Cross of Calvary, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Let us picture Mary during these three days of her search for her divine Son, and let us try to understand something of the feelings of her heart at the realization that she had lost her God. Oh, how the humility of Mary must have covered her with self-reproach during those long, dreary hours of fruitless search. Had she failed in her mission? Was God displeased with her? Was He, perhaps, even disgusted with her? "O Lord, I am not worthy; I have failed; I have, and He has left me." Or, perhaps, she thought that Jesus had already gone to begin His sufferings, His Passion and His death, that the time had come for her Boy to be stripped and scourged and crucified, and that even now He might be in the hands of His torturers. Ah, the long, long hours of that sleepless search, with only tears for her bread. Footsore and heartsick, she seeks Him, until at last it seems that He has gone not only from her side but from the Holy City itself into another land and to another people.

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Ah, Mother, I compassionate thee in the weariness and desolation of these three days. It was no fault of thine that thou didst lose Jesus. He permitted this feeling of abandonment to happen to thee, as He allowed it to come to Himself upon the Cross, and as He has inflicted it upon His saints. It was good for thee, Mother, that thou was made to feel this sense of loss of thy divine Son, because during these three days thou wast made to realize, as never before, all that Jesus meant to thee. It was good for us, too, Mother, because now thou canst compassionate all who are lonely and desolate, all who have lost God, all who are in danger of losing Him forever. O, Mary, by thy three days of desolation, help us in all our discouragements, in all our loneliness. And teach us to seek our happiness with thee, where alone we can find it, in Jesus, our God and our All. (*Continue making such affections to Mary as long as you feel your heart moved by them.*)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

WE have commented on the sad fact that so many men pass their lives, scarcely ever thinking of the God Who made them, and without desiring His presence or His love. There are many others, too, who although they know something of God and feel some love for Him, yet appear quite able to get along without Him. A very few minutes with God during the day satisfies them; and, if they have lost Him altogether through mortal sin, they seem none the less happy in their business and amusements and pleasures. In fact, there are comparatively very few who fear with a most terrible fear to lose entirely the sense of God's presence and His love.

To which of the classes above do we belong? Oh, we ought to make some very serious reflection upon this matter. Just what does God mean to us in our daily lives? How much do we realize His blessed presence in our souls? Do we really treasure it as we should? If we have lost that presence by mortal sin, what pains do we take to bring Him back to us?

Some day these souls will go forth from the dark

walls of our poor bodies, and in the light of eternity we shall see at last what God really means to us. Then, in that first instant of our eternal life, we shall realize fully and perfectly that all the truest beauty and happiness of our lives has been only a faint reflection of God's infinite loveliness. Then our souls, panting with desire in the presence of that divine Beauty for Which they were created, will burn with a fierce longing to unite themselves to our God and to lose themselves in Him. Then we shall better understand what Mary suffered during the three days of her searching for Jesus, in her pain of desire for Him. And then, if we have not sought after God on earth, we shall long after Him in vain forever, with the hopeless anguish of abandonment gnawing at our souls.

Ah Mary, do not let me be one of those to suffer this pain of loss, this loneliness and desolation of the damned forever. Teach me now, before it is too late, what God means to me. Help me to understand that in His love alone I can find happiness even upon earth. Mother, I am wearied with searching for happiness in the pleasures of the world. If only I would seek God with half the

eagerness that I give to these pleasures, what a different life I would find. O Mary, make me as tireless as thou wert in my search for my divine Lover. Help me to find Him, as thou didst, about His Father's business in the tabernacles of His temples, in Holy Communion, in the temple of my own heart. Let Him speak to me there, as He spoke to the doctors of Jerusalem. Above all, Mother, let Him go with me and live with me, as He did with thee; let His holy love grow day by day in my poor heart, so that, like thee, I may live at last only for Him, the divine Spouse of my soul Who desires to be united with me. (*Continue making such affections as long as you feel moved by them.*)

RESOLUTION: I shall look upon the disappointments and wearinesses of my life as a sign that my heart is made for God alone, and that in His love only I can find the peace and happiness that surpass all understanding.

ASPIRATION: Jesus, my God and my All!



THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

OUR JUNIOR READERS



The Assumption

By F. F. C.

IT was not meet that she who bore
Mankind's sweet Lord and Heaven's King,
Should crumble into lowly dust,—
Her body was a sacred thing.

No! 'Twas not meet that she should rest
Beneath the dark, unhallowed clod,
Who gave her pure and virg'nal blood
To form a Babe whose name is God!

But it was truly meet that He
Who took from her His human guise,
Should send His angels to transport
His Own Mother to Paradise!

Dear Junior Signers:

This month we celebrate the great feast day of the Assumption. Try to honor your Heavenly Mother on this day with fervent devotion and ask her for whatever favors you need, especially for the grace to be exemplary Catholic children.

In this issue I am publishing some extracts from the competitive compositions which were submitted last month. These illustrate how many budding authors we have among our Junior Signers.

Bobby Mite Box is getting thinner and thinner every day, the reason being under-nourishment. He is now subsisting on "coppers" only, and on these in small quantities. Alvera and a few more faithful Little Missionaries continue to feed Bobby, and this keeps the breath of life in the poor little fellow. Are you forgetting all about Bobby during vacation time?

One way of helping the Mission Cause during the summer months is to get subscriptions to THE SIGN. Surely every Junior Signer can get one subscription. The cost is only \$2.00 a year. Don't say that you can't do this much for Daddy, and for your little Chinese brothers and sisters. Where there is a will there is a way. Now don't say that this is meant for Billy or Jimmy or Alice or Annie. It is meant for you. I shall be waiting to hear from you, and—"the sooner the quicker."

Our little Junior Signers
Are busy as can be,
Procuring Sign subscribers,
To help the wee-Chinee.

I sincerely wish you all a very enjoyable vacation. Don't forget what I told you last month: Keep out of mischief, and try very hard to be the best child on your streets.

Affectionately yours,

DADDY SEN FU.

Extracts From the Competitive Compositions

"The girl that I would consider ideal must first of all be true blue. . . She must not worship at the altar of fame nor of worldly power, but only at the altar of God."—Inez Kane.

"In school the ideal girl will be very respectful to her teacher, and she will know her lessons. . . She will not fuss with her hair continually, trying to look pretty, for she knows that beauty is but skin deep. . . She will not sit in school and day-dream nor will she be seen on the streets at night without an escort."—Elmer Herrscher.

"The ideal girl will have a great devotion to Our Lord's Sufferings and she will go to Holy Mass on Fridays in honor of Jesus Crucified. . . If she has a few pennies she will not spend them extravagantly but will save them for Bobby Mite Box. . . At home she will mind her own affairs not her brother's, and if her mother is sick, she will be a little mother to the other children."—Joseph Spahn.

"The chief characteristics of an ideal boy are devotion to the Passion of Our Lord and love for the Foreign Missions. . . He will often say the Stations and meditate on Our Lord's Sufferings. . . He will come to school neat and clean, will know his lessons, and will not eat his finger nails all day."—Hildagard Brecker.

"An ideal boy will say the Stations at least once a week. . . He will do what he can to help the Foreign Missions. . . He will be very respectful to his parents, brothers and sisters, and will make all his friends respect them, too."—Alberta Sommer.

"An ideal boy will have a great devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ and also a great interest in the Chinese Missions. . . At home he will be very kind to his mother and will help her in every way that he can. . . He will do whatever she asks of him without skulking."—Marie Heckman.

"In school the ideal boy will always know his lessons. He will not be seen on the streets at night, holding up buildings, lamp posts and telegraph poles. He will have a real soft spot in his heart for the Foreign Missions."—Eleanor Walter.

"At home the ideal boy helps his mother, is good to her in every way, never disobeys her and does cheerfully everything that she asks him to do."—Emily Krempholtz.

"An ideal boy takes for his model a saint of God, for example, St. Phillip Neri. . . He must be intelligent, yet not a perpetual book-worm; active, yet not an everlasting moving machine; he must perform his duties promptly, cheerfully and thoroughly. . . He will not spend his time in the movies, nor in idle gossip on street corners, but will use his free time in health-

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ful exercise and in devising ways and means of spreading the kingdom of God and making others happy."—Watsam Aname.

"An ideal boy always obeys his parents promptly and does what he is told to do. He does not put on a horrible scowl when he is asked to do something that is hard, and say mean things under his breath."—Dorothy Schildkamp.

"An ideal boy is one who tries to be like St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus. He never stays out late at night; does not forget to say his morning and evening prayers; does not play truant; does not smoke, nor do any of those things which he knows are wrong."—Florence Schildkamp.

"The ideal boy enjoys good, clean sport, such as baseball and football; but he never cheats, no matter what it costs him.. He does not loaf around the house all day watching his mother and his sister work. His mottoes are, "work," "forget self," "lend a hand," "be true to the Master."—Marie Wukitch.

What Our Little Missionaries Are Saying and Doing

Boys Win Again!

Dear Father:

The children of Sister Mary Raymond's room, Grade VI., are sending herewith their final donation of fifteen dollars for the ransom of Chinese babies. The boys remained ahead in the race to the end and proudly carried away the banner "Victory is Ours" for the year 1923-1924. The children should like to have three babies baptized, "Louis," "Francis," and "Mary Teresa."

Sincerely yours in Christ,
SISTER MARY RAYMOND.

Girls, Hurry Up!

Dear Father:

We are sending you ten dollars for the ransom of Chinese babies. The boys had collected their five dollars at Easter time and patiently waited for the girls to get theirs. This is our last donation for this year, but we hope to continue our work next year. We wish the babies to be baptized "Mary" and "Theresa."

Very respectfully yours,
Circle 10. (Grade VII.)
SISTER CATHERINE MARIE.

A Very Good Little Girl

Dear Father:

I am sending you the contents of my mite box for the Missions in China. I do hope that the dear little Chinese children will appreciate the money as much as I did in saving it for them... Every night before I go to bed I say an Our Father and a Hail Mary for the children in China that they may learn all about God and may one day see Him in Heaven. Wishing you every success in your work, I am,

Your little friend,
GERTRUDE WESCHLER.

Another Very Good Little Girl

Dear Father:

Enclosed please find the contents of my mite box. I am only sorry that I can not send more. The other day I gave in my name to go to China, but I am not sure that I would go all the way. I hope that you are having success with your mite boxes and that the children will not forget you during vacation time.

Your Little Missionary,
MARY MAHER.

One of Our Best Boy-Friends

Dear Father:

Sister gave us your very good magazine, THE SIGN, to read and we enjoyed it very much. I gave it to some of my friends and they liked it so well, they wished to subscribe to it. I enclose \$4.00 for 2 subscriptions and I expect to get many more. I have a little bank which will still hold a few dimes more. When it is full I shall send it to you. Hoping that we will get China converted very soon, I am,

Your little helper,
JOHN CHAFFEE.

Setting Good Example

Dear Father:

Looking through THE SIGN I saw articles on Mission Circles, mite boxes, dime banks, etc. Some of my friends and I have determined to form a Mission Circle. This Circle will be made up of boys only, and we shall call it The Holy Cross Mission Circle. Won't you please send more leaflets and further information concerning Mission Circles? Also send some mite boxes and dime banks. Please! We shall willingly help the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Yours truly,
ALFRED WEINLICH.

Jimmy Shows the Way

Dear Junior Signers:

I am writing you a second note in this issue with the purpose of urging you to take a personal interest in our Passionist Missions.

You know that some boys and girls do a thing because they are members of a class and they do it because the whole class has been told to do it. But I want you to work for the Missions as an individual and because you yourself are interested in the Missions. The action of my friend Jimmy is an illustration of what I mean. Jimmy goes it alone.

A couple of weeks ago a little boy called at the Monastery to see me. I'm glad to tell you who he is: Jimmy Dondero, twelve years old, of New York. His father is dead, his good mother works for the family by washing clothes, his sister, fifteen, looks after the house, and Jimmy helps by selling papers.

Holding out seventy-five cents, Jimmy said: "Here, Father. My Mother found your magazine in a subway car and brought it home. I read about China, and I wish to help buy a Chinese baby."

"Where did you get the money, Jimmy?"

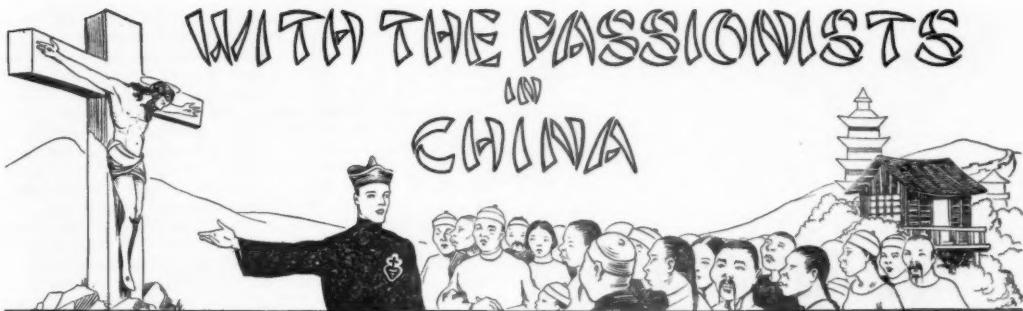
"Selling papers, Father. My Mother was so pleased with what I was doing that she said I could keep the next seventy-five cents I made to go and see Babe Ruth hit a homer. I never saw Babe, Father, but I rather see him than the President. Something in me was saying 'Babe'll sure get a homer to-day. Go to the game.' But I couldn't help hearing a Chinese kid crying for my seventy-five cents. I told my Mother how I felt and she said, 'Go ahead, James. God will bless you for the sacrifice.' Father my Mother never said anything truer. The next day, June 14, the Yanks played St. Louis a double-header."

"In the morning one of my customers said, 'Jimmy, get two of your pals and I'll take you to the game. In the second game, in the 8th and 9th, Babe slugged two homers! He's the real Bambino, Father!"

"From now on, Father, I'm going to work for THE SIGN, and those boys and girls I read about in THE SIGN won't be in it with me. If they try, they'll have to travel some."

There's a challenge. The next month will tell us if our old Junior Signers can keep the pace with Jimmy. Ready? Go!

DADDY SEN FU.



WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

This, That and the Other - - - China's Plenary Council - - - Gemma's League

This, That and the Other By Father Kevin Murray, C. P.

FATHER KEVIN continues to send us his interesting notes of the people and Chinese life at Kienyang. He writes:

Several American friends have written to me, and they made the same inquiry: "How are you getting along with preaching in Chinese?" Of course, they would like to hear me. Candidly I would like very much to hear myself, just for the satisfaction of knowing how my gibberish sounds. As long as my Christians don't laugh at me, no doubt my language is passable. Sometimes they compliment me on speaking Chinese, but invariably I allow for their desire to give me encouragement. In my heart I know perfection in speaking Chinese has not yet come my way.

In the little flock committed to my care, there are six dialects. To understand what some individuals want to say is often a real Chinese puzzle. It is my desire to learn the pure Chinese well, that is what they call here the Mandarin dialect. When that is mastered, one usually understands the "fifty seven" varieties.

The season of Lent passed very quickly. Each Sunday I gave the Christians a familiar talk on the Passion of our Lord. They were not elaborate sermons, but just plain talks in which I tried to make known to these simple folks the love of Jesus Crucified for them.

The majority of the natives in this part of China are unlettered and have to learn by rote, like little children, whatever is necessary to know before receiving holy Baptism. One poor fellow, whose heart is good but whose memory is unknown to him, studied one prayer for almost a week and then fell all over himself trying to recite it. A woman in the catechumenate studied the Hail Mary for three days, and even then did not succeed in getting it correctly. So judging from the progress of some catechumens, I can not count on a large parish springing up over night. However, I was able to baptize nine for the great feast of Easter, and sincerely hope to have a larger class ready for the feast of our Blessed Mother, August 15. The newly baptized usually receive their First Holy Communion on the day of their Baptism.

The language indeed is difficult and requires a good deal of patience and courage, but it comes all right

and gradually one feels more at home as the language grows more and more familiar. My feeble efforts here have helped the Christians to a better knowledge of God's love for them. But there are hundreds and thousands of others in Kienyang whom I hope to bring into the paths of Christian virtue before the Divine Master calls me home.

SOME KIENYANG BABIES

It is against my will to refuse an outcast child or a poor infant left at the gates of the Mission, but what can be done when there are hard-hearted people who impose on you? If I do not refuse, at least until larger quarters are provided for the care of them, it is truthful to say that I would have a new orphan each day of the week.

Yesterday several pagan women came to the gate with a baby girl only three days old. They said the mother had died and the father didn't want the baby. I accepted the outcast, but made sure the infant was not placed in the care of pagans. You will wonder when I tell you that it has been known a mother would not want to keep her child and would bring it to the Mission. Unknown to the missionary, she would offer to nurse the infant, and thus receive a regular allowance for nursing her own child. Foxy or professional liars is a proper name for some of them.

Today a baby, about two and a half years old, whose parents were unknown, was brought to the Mission. The girl who brought her said: "My grandmother doesn't want her," and then ran off as fast as she could. The poor child was black and blue from head to foot, evidently the results of cruelty at the hands of the so-called grandmother. An innocent smile of relief and contentment was soon in the poor child's eyes, as if wishing to thank me for giving her a home.

I could narrate many incidents of cruelty to the children that would appeal to the hardest hearts. This sad condition of the little ones in this part of China should arouse the sympathy of the Catholic people in America and urge them to the practice of charity in helping us in these Hunan fields to do more for these helpless outcasts of humanity than we are able to do at present.

Occasionally through the kindness of friends I receive copies of the newspapers with the colored comic sections. These papers are not around very

HAVE YOU A MITE BOX IN YOUR HOME? PLEASE WRITE FOR ONE NOW.

SEND US YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTCARD: WE SEND YOU THE MITE BOX.



ON THE WAY TO SHASI, FATHER DOMINIC MET THIS PROCESSION CARRYING WEDDING PRESENTS FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE!

long. I have frequent requests for them. The comic parts are the most prized. The Chinese call these sections "The Flower Paper." Recently I was asked to explain what this or that cartoon meant. I said to the party interested: "You would not understand even if I told you." But he saw the funny part of the pictures and kept telling everyone about them.

INCONVENIENCES

Go into any Christian home around here now, and you will see the walls covered with newspapers. They serve a twofold purpose: they keep out the wind, and they brighten the house. Most of the houses here are dark. Even in the house in which I am living, there is just as much sky to see as there is light. A foreigner would be sadly disappointed if he looked for any place like a modern house in Kiennyang, or one with the ordinary comforts of home and mother. We have no such conveniences as running water. One may enjoy a shower bath on rainy days, provided there is a leak in the roof, otherwise he must forget about it. All the water for drinking and cooking in nearly every town and village is carried up from the river. Of course one has to close one's eyes sometimes so one won't see the color of it, especially after a heavy rain, when it is flavored with yellow mud. On one of my trips by boat, the servant scooped up the dirty yellow water to prepare coffee. It was either take this or go without it. I could hardly go without my coffee, as the journey was very long. No one here ever heard or saw a spring bed or mattress in which to rest comfortably after a strenuous day's work.

It is strange that the more we have the more we want, but it is surprising too how circumstances adapt themselves to surroundings. As an old saying expresses it: "Home is what you make it." This is very true here in China. If a missionary were to allow his surroundings to influence him, he might be downcast and yearn for the comforts or conveniences of the past; but, thanks to his vocation, he overlooks many things and even finds advantages in circumstances that others might consider unbearable.

Some time ago I was driven out of my bed by fleas. The pesky little creatures made a sudden big drive on my sleeping quarters and seemed to claim every space

of it as their own. I simply had to move out. In another room I fixed up an army hammock and for the past two months I have been taking some rest in it. The first night I slid out of it, but luckily it was only a foot or so above the floor. Since then I have raised it three feet in the air. This was necessary to prevent the rats from getting too familiar at night. I have become quite accustomed to the new bunk, but now and then have visions of what might happen if I turn too far on either side of the hammock. A three foot drop might necessitate the patching up of a few bones. Speaking of the rats, they are quite sociable and frequent visitors. One of them has a taste for soap, and almost devoured a cake of it in a month. They have also shown a preference for tallow candles, and several times made a good meal out of them. They are always kind enough however to leave the wick.

CHINESE SLIPPERS

The occasion of a birthday in China is celebrated with solemnity and is the time of much rejoicing and feasting. I had not been in Kiennyang very long, when some of the Christians got inquisitive as to my birthday. "What do you want to know that day for?" I said. "We want to make you shoes and give you presents," they replied. Later on I heard that at least six individuals were making shoes for me. I said to one: "Don't make any more shoes. I have plenty to last me a good while." Another party then spoke up: "No; buy Sen Fu a chicken or something he can eat." This is just a sample of how these poor people are trying to take care of me. I almost feel ashamed at times to take their gifts. They can hardly make ends meet, and yet they must do something for the missionary to show him their esteem and gratitude.

A pair of Chinese shoes or rather slippers, for they are nothing more, will hold out about three months and even less than that if worn constantly. Until accustomed to wearing these slippers, you would imagine you were walking in your stocking feet, the sole is so thin. The heel is about a quarter of an inch higher than the sole, but no one knows why. After wearing heavy foreign shoes, these slippers are very restful. In wet weather it is necessary to wear the



THE SECOND PART OF THE PARADE CARRYING THE GIFTS OF THE NEW BRIDE.

YOUR MONEY IN A MITE BOX WILL BE GOD'S OWN PROPERTY IN CHINA.

YOU HELP THE CHINESE MISSIONS AND GOD WILL CERTAINLY HELP YOU.



BUYING AND SELLING. A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN ANY CITY IN HUNAN

heavy shoes as the slippers very easily get soaked and retain the moisture for some time. Once I made a trip over the mountains wearing my heavy shoes and it seemed as though I were dragging along heavy weights. On another occasion I wore the slippers and I made the same mountain journey without the least difficulty or fatigue.

CHINESE DREAMS

There is considerable talk every now and then and the different newspapers in China publish items frequently about the construction of this vast Republic of China. They have wonderful schemes for building automobile roads and railroads throughout the length and breadth of the country. They desire to promote industry, and facilitate the means of travel and commerce, and thus unite the people more closely together. As regards Western Hunan and other provinces in the interior, these are only pleasant dreams. This generation will hardly see such developments. It is true the construction idea is being carried out in the larger cities, and for the most part the cities with every convenience at their doors have a good financial backing. The case is reversed in Hunan. Here the government is being drained of its resources, and almost constantly on the verge of bankruptcy. The missionaries and the natives of Hunan will continue for many years to come their present mode of travel over the narrow passes of rugged mountains and by water in the sampan. When the different provincial governments are more united with the central government at Pekin, then perhaps this movement for the reconstruction of China will become a fact.

AS THE TIME FLIES

Time seems to pass with leaps and bounds, so much

so that on one occasion I actually forgot what day of the week it was. I had to be convinced by one of my Christians that it was Thursday and not Wednesday, as I had thought.

The time of day is a relative matter here where no two clocks are alike. Occasionally my watch stops and were it not for a sun dial, I would be completely lost for the exact time. By this sun clock not only can the hour be known but almost the exact time. It is amusing to note the way the Chinese tell the time of day. No matter what the hour may be when they go to bed, invariably they are up again with daylight, especially if they have to attend to some business. A dark rainy day usually awakens the Chinese about an hour later than a bright day, thus showing that daylight is the clock for most of the people here. In fact, time does not seem to mean anything to them. Tomorrow, or the next day, and next year, is all the same to the Chinese. Make an appointment with him for the next day and more than likely it will be the second or third day afterwards before he shows up. However, if the subject to be discussed is money, then he is right on the dot and not one minute late, like his brother on the East Side.

HOW MUCH?

A question often asked by the Chinese is: "How much does it cost?" Again and again I am asked how much did I have to pay for this or that article, and they look bewildered when I tell them the value of it in our American currency. The American dollar is almost twice the value of the Mexican dollar, which is standard currency in China. In connection with the question of money, I once asked the barber who was scalping me for the summer weather how much money he made every week. You see I have also acquired the

BE MERCIFUL... CHINESE CHILDREN ASK FOR BREAD, FOR LIFE, FOR GOD.

BABY ARMS IN CHINA ARE LIFTED UP FOR ALMS FROM YOU. DO YOU REFUSE?



FATHER FLAVIAN MULLINS, C. P.

Become all things to all men that he may gain some

habit. He replied: "Thee tiao's." In America this would be about seventy cents. He is kept busy from morning till night. I told him if he were in America he would earn his seventy cents and more in a single day. But he has not the least thought of pulling up stakes and leaving his daily grind for such an income.

Though the Chinese, like the rest of humanity, love to make money, yet they are content to work seven days in the week for a salary that the poorest breadwinner in the States would earn in a day. With the pagans there is no such thing as Sunday. Every day is the same to them. From earliest dawn to dark night they are to be found at their occupations. The merchants and shopkeepers nearly always live in the same place where they sell their wares. The stores are built in such a way that the entire frontage can be taken down within a few minutes and replaced in the same way after the day's work.

We have peddlers here in China as everywhere else. They are to be found every day going here and there advertising and selling all they can. Their signal is not the shout or shrill call of the peddlers in America. Our peddlers rattle great wooden clappers which can be heard a good distance away. They are very punctual making their rounds, at least one of them is, if I may judge from the man who appears at the Mission Gate every evening just in time for evening prayers.

I think this letter will satisfy many anxious inquirers as to the life of the missionaries in Western

Hunan. However, I know there are more than a hundred and one questions still to be answered, but will save them for a future letter.

I ask God and Our Immaculate Mother Mary to bless and protect you always, and beg remembrance in your prayers and good works for the success of my mission among these Christians and pagans.

China's Plenary Council
By Father Dominic Langenbacher, C. P.

TWO events, very important for the Church in China, have aroused intense interest and lively enthusiasm among Catholics during the past few months.

First is the preparation for the Missionary Exposition to be held at Rome in 1925. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, sent a letter to all the foreign missions, requesting suitable articles for it. Everywhere in China, missionaries and the people have responded generously. The different governments and steamship lines have volunteered to take care of the shipments free, and will deliver all the boxes to the Holy See before the end of September.

The Passionist missionaries in Hunan, with the aid of their Christians, have collected articles from the different stations, and for some time have been kept busy packing things and delivering the boxes to the governments to forward to Rome. This fact explains what the Fathers have been doing with their leisure moments, and why we have not heard from some of them for a long time. At a future date no doubt the missionaries will write and tell us how their people will be represented at the Roman Exposition next year.

The other event is the Plenary Council, which was recently held at Shanghai. Father Dominic, as Superior of the Passionist Missions, was present and favors us with the following description of it. Writing from Shanghai, May 16, he tells us it would have pleased him very much to have had one of the other missionaries with him, and it would have helped him in many ways, but only the Bishops, Prefects Apostolic, and Superiors of the Missions were called to the Council. The city and suburbs of Shanghai were crowded with visitors.

PREPARATORY ACTIVITIES

Preparation for this First Plenary Council of the Church in China has been in progress for more than a year. Letters of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, and of the Congregation of Propaganda, were published. The whole of China was divided into regions, and from time to time meetings were held in each region. Representatives from each region met at Hankow last March and final arrangements for the Council were then completed.

The formal invitations were sent immediately to Bishops, Vicars and Prefects Apostolic and Superiors of Missions to be present for the opening of the Council at Shanghai on May 15. It took a long time for this letter to reach some places in the interior of China, and great haste was necessary in order to get to the appointed city in time. Some had to spend over a month traveling by every possible means, and often in the midst of danger not merely from "To Fei," the bandits, but also from rough mountain passes or perilous rapids in many parts of the rivers.

Many interesting stories could be related by some of the bishops in their efforts to attend the Council. Two were unable to be present on account of age

YOUR PRAYERS AND OFFERINGS FOR CHINA ARE KEPT IN HEAVEN'S BANK.

GOOD SENSE SAVES CENTS FOR THE CHINESE MISSIONS. HAVE YOU GOT ANY?

and sickness, but they sent delegates in their places. One Bishop was stopped and delayed by bandits, who robbed him of his mitre and other things needed for the services. In vain the bishop's servant pleaded for a return of the articles. The robbers carried them off and perhaps will exchange them for something else or give them to some favorite youngster in their homes. As late as the morning of the opening of the Council, some had not yet arrived owing to different obstacles on the way.

As the greater number of bishops had reached Shanghai safely on May 14, a preliminary meeting was held at St. Joseph's Church, the residence of Monsignor Paris, S. J., Bishop of that Vicariate. Telegrams were sent to the Holy Father Pope Pius XI, and to Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Propaganda, asking a blessing on the Council and expressing the loyalty and devotion of the bishops, clergy, and laity of China. The order of services and method of procedure at the sessions were then determined. Five Committees were appointed to consider the matters proposed: Christian Life and Discipline, the Number of Converts and Catechists, the Training of Native Clergy, Educational and Charitable Work, Catholic Press and Literature, the Conversion of Pagans, the Architecture of Church Buildings, and other matters concerning the welfare of the Church of China.

OPENING OF THE COUNCIL

A bright glorious day dawned on the morning of May 15. This was truly providential, as the rainy season was on and Shanghai seemed to have had more than its share of dull gloomy rainy days. The sunshine and the warmth of springtide were so welcome that all regarded it as an augury of heaven's blessing on the Council. Bishops, priests, and the people wended their way from all parts of the city to the Catholic village of Zi Ka Wei, a suburb of Shanghai, where stands the grand new cathedral of St. Ignatius.

Promptly at half past eight, the bells, of the cathedral rang out, joyously announcing the approach of the procession. The bishops and priests had gathered in the old church of St. Ignatius, built in 1851, and from there proceeded across the square to the cathedral. The scene was truly imposing. Following the cross-bearer and seminarians, came the secular clergy of Shanghai, both native and foreign, then the Salesians, the Fathers of the Irish Mission of St. Columba, of Maryknoll, the Jesuits, Vincentians, Augustinians, Recollects, Franciscans, Capuchins, and the Passionists. I felt honored and very happy that morning to wear the habit and mantle of St. Paul of the Cross. A great many there had never seen a Passionist, and it was quite a task to reply to all the questions about our Order. The Dominicans in their attractive white and black dress came next in the procession, and they were followed by the Abbot of La Trappe at Pekin with several of his monks.

Now appeared the prefects apostolic and forty-five bishops wearing their mitre and red capes. Finally, at the end of the long line came His Excellency, the Papal Delegate, Monsignor Celsus Constantini, Archbishop of Theodosia, with his chaplains and the assistants for the Solemn High Mass. Cameramen and cinema operators were busy taking pictures of the event, while amidst the crowd and beyond it fire crackers continually exploded imparting to the ceremony the peculiar touch of an Oriental celebration. Besides the crowds of people outside the cathedral throngs had succeeded in getting inside for the services. They were most devout, and like the people outside kept bowing reverently ("ketowing")

as the procession moved through the church towards the spacious sanctuary.

When all the priests and bishops had taken their places, the Apostolic Delegate began the Solemn High Mass. To gaze on row after row of the mitred prelates and the large number of priests, impressed one with the Catholicity of the Church. Of the bishops, 17 were French, 10 Italians, 5 Spaniards, 5 Belgians, 4 Hollanders, 2 Germans, and 2 Chinese. Among the priests nearly every part of the world had some representatives. A choir of Chinese boys and seminarians sang the Kyrie, Gloria, and proper parts of the Mass. A thrilling moment came after the Gospel when the whole congregation, men, women and children, joined the choir, the priests and the bishops in the Gregorian singing of the Nicene Creed. Hundreds and hundreds of voices seemed to ring out in one exuberant glorious profession of faith. It was in truth inspiring. It was the Church of China in 1924 proclaiming its unity and conformity of belief with the Fathers and the Councils of the first centuries. It was the "Credo" of the Catholic world.

At the end of the Solemn High Mass, the Litany of the Saints was chanted and different psalms and prayers were sung, as prescribed for the opening of the Council. Before the sermon, the people again joined the choir in singing the "Veni Creator Spiritus," invoking the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the decisions of the Council. The names of all taking part in the synod were read aloud, and each one in



FATHER KEVIN MURRAY, C. P., and FATHER HYPPOLITO MARTINEZ, O. S. A.

BE A MISSIONARY BY DOING SOMETHING FOR THE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

CHRIST DIED TO SAVE ALL MEN. YOU CAN SAVE THE CHINESE BY CHARITY.

turn arose and answered for his presence. The ceremonies closed with the Papal Blessing imparted by the Apostolic Delegate, and all returned in procession to the old church of St. Ignatius.

BEGINNING OF THE CHINESE CHURCH

At noon, the Jesuit Fathers of the Zi Ka Wei College entertained the members of the Council at dinner. One hundred and forty-five guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Fathers. The superior, Very Rev. Father Verdier, S. J., at the close of the banquet arose and expressed his greetings and good wishes to His Excellency, the Delegate, and to all present. Most interesting was his brief sketch of the Church's history in China.

The first historical monument attesting the introduction of Christianity into China dates from the eighth century. It is the famous stone slab, discovered in 1625, near the city of Sianfu in Shansi. It bears the date of A. D. 781, and states that the early missionaries had several churches and monasteries, and enjoyed liberty to preach the gospel. They were banished in the year 845, by an edict of the Emperor Wutsung, of T'ang dynasty. The celebrated Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, found several groups of Nestorian Christians when he visited different parts of China towards the close of the thirteenth century. In the fourteenth century, Roman Pontiffs and the Catholic Sovereigns of Europe sent the Dominicans and Franciscans to evangelize China, and they succeeded so well that the famous Franciscan, John of Montecorvino, was made Archbishop of Pekin. In the sixteenth century, the Portuguese occupied Macao and established there the present bishopric.

The Jesuit Fathers entered China in 1583. They settled first in Kuang Provinces, and then at Nanking in Kiangsi, and finally went to Pekin. It was at this last place that Father Ricci secured the esteem of the emperor and principal men of the empire by his thorough knowledge of the language, by his exquisite tact, and by his scientific ability. The Paris Foreign Mission Society were the next to enter China and they were followed by the Vincentians and others. In the present century, Italian, Belgian, German, Irish, and American Missionaries have brought considerable force to build up the Church in China. He especially mentioned the Passionists, the American Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll, and the Irish Society of St. Columba.

Distributed over the eighteen provinces and the dependencies of China, there are at the present time 57 Bishops, 3 Prefects Apostolic, 37 Superiors of Missions. There are 2552 ordained priests, of whom 1071 are natives and 1481 are foreigners. At the beginning of 1924 the number of Catholics was 2,203,000.

THE PASSION PLAY

On that same afternoon at two o'clock, the college students of Zi Ka Wei entertained the members of the Council with a series of "tableaux vivants" representing scenes of the Sacred Passion of Christ.

A choir of boys sang appropriate verses of Holy Scripture as each tableau was produced. Occasionally parts of history of the Passion from one of the Evangelists were read aloud. The Cenacle, the Last Supper, the Betrayal of Christ in Gethsemane, and the different scenes of Our Lord's Sufferings and Death were shown to the audience. As the chorus or solo or reading of the Scriptures explained each view, those present were vividly impressed and appreciated the reverent acting and inspiring music. After the Sacred Passion, the Return from Calvary, and the Apparitions of Our Risen Savior to His Blessed Mother, the Apostles, and Disciples were shown. The last tableau represented the commission given By Christ: "Go forth, teach all nations. Go forth into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Father Dominic promises to write again and tell us as much as he can about this First Plenary Council. It is regarded as a momentous event in the Church's history in China, and much is expected to result from it.

Gemma's League

A school children are now enjoying their vacation, it is probable they will not send any list of prayers and good works for the missionaries in China. They have not a zealous teacher nor thoughtful parents to remind them of the great good they can do, and we must wait till school resumes to get their generous and powerful aid for the Chinese Missions.

An earnest appeal therefore is made to all the friends of the Chinese Missions to send us generous lists for the months of July and August. The more prayers and good works are offered for the missions, the greater will be their success. Dangers will be averted; funds will be secured; churches and schools will be built; pagans will turn to the true faith sincerely and in larger numbers; the missionaries will feel more at home and will find comfort and encouragement in their arduous work.

It is now an excellent time to distribute the League leaflets to relatives and friends and to urge them to help the Chinese Missions. A supply of leaflets will be sent to anyone requesting them. When they are returned to the Chinese Bureau, a summary is made of all the lists and published in The Sign as well as sent to the missionaries in China.

The following represents the number of prayers and good works offered for the Chinese Missions during the month of June:

Masses said	12	Rosaries	17,199
Masses heard	19,004	Seven Dolor Beads	7,323
Holy Communions	11,268	Ejaculations	704,189,369
Visits to the Blessed Sacraments	42,500	Hours of Study	19,152
Spiritual Communions	107,724	Hours of Labor	29,171
Benediction Services	6,533	Acts of Kindness	36,682
Sacrifices	139,091	Deeds of Charity	218,077
Sufferings	209,319	Offerings of the Precious Blood	210,511
Stations of the Cross	5,647	Various Works	912,124
Visits to the Crucifix	72,929	Prayers	92,063,823

"Retain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

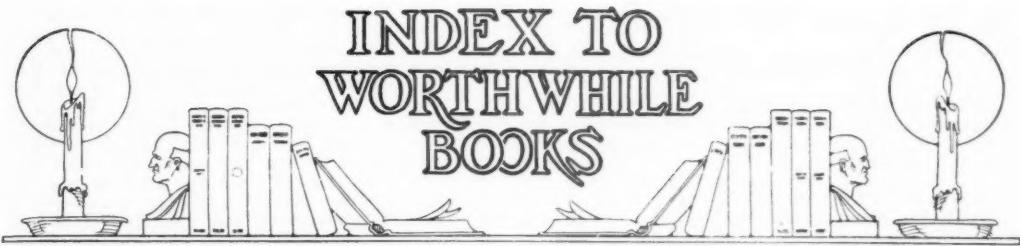
KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

RT. REV. MSGR. JOHN T. WOODS,
VERY REV. MSGR. LUKE J. EVERES,
REV. GUIDO TERESI, C. P.

SISTER M. ROSARITA CONNELLY
SISTER M. REGINALD, O. S. D.
JAMES T. MARTIN,
JAMES J. MURPHY,
MAY L. MCKENNA,
THOMAS KEELAN,
JOHN ROURKE,
HELEN GREENFIELD,
THOMAS J. RYAN,

RICHARD COSTELLO,
IDA COSTELLO,
THOMAS F. JENNINGS.

MAY their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE INQUISITION. By Hoffman Nickerson. With a Preface by Hilaire Belloc and an Epilogue on Prohibition in America. Houghton Mifflin Co., New York. Price: \$2.50.

Perhaps the best recommendation that can be given this book is to state that Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton have approved of it so heartily. Mr. Chesterton describes it as "A very vivid and vigorous sketch. A clear gain to our culture and comprehension of mankind. Merely as a tale it is marvelously romantic."

And Mr. Belloc—"The Master of those who would celebrate the Middle Ages in the English tongue,"—thinks enough of the book to write a very learned and lengthy preface in which he acclaims the author a true historian; fair, well-informed, accurate, and thoroughly competent to handle a subject which has been so hopelessly mauled by countless pseudo historians.

"Nearly all the historical work worth doing at the present moment in the English language, is the work of shovelling off heaps of rubbish inherited from the immediate past," to quote the opening lines of Mr. Belloc's admirable preface. Mr. Nickerson certainly does some heroic "shovelling" in this book; an enormous amount of "rubbish" is disposed of, and the true facts of the Inquisition are brought to light.

The author's reason for writing the book is a novel one. "It was begun during a term in the New York State Legislature, when I endured Prohibition lobbyists, and cast about for something which might serve as an historical precedent in the way of religio-political oppression on so vast a scale. I was not long before discovering that traditional Christianity had more to say for the Inquisitors than for the Prohibitionists, so that the parallel with Prohibition has been thrust into epilogue."

The author continues his heroic "shovelling off rubbish" in his epilogue on "Prohibition." When he has finished, Prohibition stands revealed to us as an ugly, disgusting thing: "Its roots in the great sixteenth century (Protestant) victories of fanaticism plus greed." In plain words, there is an "essential connection between sectarian Protestantism and Prohibition..." and Prohibition is a "sectarian-Protestant, religious persecution."

The peculiar message which this admirable volume seems to have for all fair minded people is that Prohibition is the offspring of greed and religious fanaticism. It is time to straighten out our theories regarding the "Scoff-law" and stop trying to distort facts.

THE THIRTEENTH GREATEST OF CENTURIES. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph. D. Best Books Edition, 1924, Catholic Summer School Press, New York. Price \$3.50.

When it was proposed to take a vote as to what ten books written by Catholics during the past hundred years were most worthy of attention it was

a great pleasure for most of us to find that at least one American book was recurring so frequently in the lists that it would probably gain a place in the final allotment. That book, Dr. Walsh's, "Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries," did secure a position about fifth in the list, and many for whom it was a favorite felt that this was not mere chauvinism or pride in something done in America. It was especially gratifying to find that so many of the young men and women at the colleges demanded a place on their lists for this contribution to the history of the Middle Ages which refused to be controversial and simply stated the magnificent contributions made by one century of that perfect time so strongly and yet so critically as simply to overwhelm opponents who were manifestly convicted of ignorance or prejudice.

A great many serious students of history have come around to the Doctor's opinion as to the thirteenth century since his book was written. He found it difficult to secure a publisher for it because they all raised their eyebrows superciliously and asked, "Could anybody in the twentieth century be expected to believe that a century seven centuries ago was greater than ours?" Those whose opinions were better worth while were very differently impressed. Osler declared at Oxford in an address before a large assemblage of English scholars that "Dr. Walsh has made out a very good case for the thirteenth as the greatest of centuries." Then came Henry Adams work on Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres with a glorification of that period and then the Education of Henry Adams some of which is quoted in the present edition of the "Thirteenth Century."

The book stands as probably the most important contribution to history in the sense of the story of the life of the spirit of man in a particular period made in America. If the definition of civilization is that it is "that process by which men think more of their minds and hearts and souls than of their bodies" then undoubtedly the thirteenth century made the greatest contribution to civilization ever made and the story of that is to be found in Dr. Walsh's book.

We are glad to see that a new edition has been called for. We bespeak a hearty reception for a work that reflects so much credit on American Catholic scholarship and portrays so convincingly the energizing influence of the Church for all that is noble and elevating in life. Every educated Catholic should have a copy not only to read but to possess and reread. No better book could be presented to an educated non-Catholic.—N. T. L.

MID SNOW AND ICE: The Apostles of the North West. By P. Duchaussois, O. M. I. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price \$3.75.

There is a sad contrast between secular and religious books, not merely in their output but also in what we may call their consumption. Secular books are gulped down with avidity, religious books are sipped

THE † SIGN

like doses of a distasteful medicine. The story of some silly, effeminate caricature of a man will run into millions of copies, the narrative of a red-blooded, masculine saint will barely cover the cost of publication.

Catholic readers attempt to excuse their lack of co-operation with the religious press by saying that the output of Catholic publishers is hopelessly dull and uninteresting. To a degree this indictment is true. The general reader now-a-days, the control of whose intellect has been taken over by the movies and bill-boards and Sunday supplements, demands in his reading a succession of thrills else his interest soon drifts to the land of the lotus-eaters where pre-digested thoughts are doled out to him either on the silver screen or in the plausible newspapers. Naturally, to such a reader the drab lives of many of God's servants can have little appeal.

But even such a one, surfeited though he be with canned news and spicy editorials, even such a one, we venture to say, will relish *Mid Snow and Ice*.

This is a book of heroism and adventure in the frozen North. It tells the story of an apostleship that has covered the last seventy-five years,—the joys, the sorrows, the hardships and successes of those daring men who ventured their lives to plant the Cross of Jesus Christ on the very outposts of the world. It is a kaleidoscope of Indian treachery and of Indian fidelity, of raging blizzards and of shimmering sunshine, of priestly tears and priestly laughter. It is a book of manly men—the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate,—and of womanly women—the Grey Nuns of Canada.

Does anyone harbor in his breast the wanderlust? If so, let him indulge in *Mid Snow and Ice*. For unabated interest it is not surpassed by the regular "thriller." Furthermore, it has the added quality of being straight fact. The author has cleverly arranged the abundant material in hand. His descriptive powers are quite remarkable. Properly advertized, the book should have a large and continued circulation. It deserves it.—N. Mc.

ANNA NUGENT. By Isabel C. Clarke. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$2.00.

Admirers of Miss Clarke will welcome this addition to her already large output of fiction. Anna Nugent is the story of a strong and persevering love; that love is followed through a maze of difficulties to a happy and dramatic conclusion. The moral of the story, self-sacrifice, may well be brought home in these days of self-seeking. The spirit pervading the book, in contrast with the under-current dominating so many of the modern "best sellers" will cause Anna Nugent to be welcomed by discerning readers—A.D.

INITIATION. By Robert Hugh Benson. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price postpaid: \$1.35.

The re-publication of one of Monsignor Benson's books will be welcomed by all who wish a long life to the good things of modern English literature. It would not be true to say that "Initiation" is Benson's masterpiece. As literature, it is not to be compared with "Come Rack! Come Rope!", so replete with swiftly moving scenes of adventure and heroic fortitude, or with "Oddsfish!", a colorful pageant of courtiers and kings, of conspiracy, love and political intrigue. In *Initiation* the plot—such as it is—is more obvious, the stage more confined, the action more quiet. Through the medium of incidents that are not dull only because an able writer rises superior to the limitations of his chosen material, the story of a soul's rebuilding is most persuasively told.

What literary "imp of the perverse" so often brings it about that subordinate characters have a greater

charm of verisimilitude than principal ones? In *Initiation* sage Mr. Morpeth, precise Mrs. Fanning, little Jim, and loquacious Mrs. Bessington are more real and therefore more interesting than Sir Nevill Fanning and his foil, Enid Bessington. These latter are as much like real people as the wax figures in a show window, no more and no less. Certainly Mr. Morpeth and the rest get the lion's share of the readers' interest as they give a larger need of entertainment. As regards style *Initiation* is just what most readers like—even literary ones—clearness, simplicity, directness, point and color. The after-impressions of character, scene, and incident in this book are so clean-cut and bright as to prove its author a man of mature artistic skill. The last chapter may be said to form a good prose companion-piece to Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." Its intense pathos, its facile cleverness in handling a difficult situation, its imaginative power as compared to the somewhat drab realism of the preceding chapters, is a sunburst of literary beauty.—M. K.

LORD BOUNTIFUL. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.00.

The American boy is as fond of a good tale of adventure as he is of his ball and bat. The impressions he gathers from his favorite author he will carry with him through life. When truths of faith and of moral conduct are deftly insinuated into a clenching plot, they will be remembered when lessons once learned in the catechism class have evanesced. No one has better understood this than Father Finn; many a boy has walked straight in after life spurred on by the mordant which a cunning hand has let fall among throbbing pages. This widely loved Jesuit priest seems destined never to grow old, never to lose his grip upon the boy's fervid fancy, always to be a Peter Pan spinning stories of adventure for his boon companions. The simple fact that each forth-coming book of his is impatiently awaited by his juvenile following is eloquent proof of the impregnable place he holds in the heart of young America. The reviewer canvassed several of his younger acquaintances on their opinion of *Lord Bountiful* and in each case flashed back the spontaneous, enthusiastic reply, "It's great," two words which, emanating from such an ingenuous source, comprehend all the praise that an artless boy can conjure up. This would be an enjoyable and profitable novel for any lad to take along with him on his vacation.—A. P.

COURT OF CONSCIENCE. By Rev. Peter Cauley. St. Patrick's Rectory, 130 E. Fourth St., Erie, Pa. Price: \$1.00.

This is a brochure, written in a very attractive and popular style, on the Sacrament of Penance. It considers "the means provided by Divine Love and Mercy for reconstructing moral character and developing the virtues of the immortal soul." It should have a very wide circulation among Catholics. We especially recommend it for distribution among non-Catholics. While the brochure contains nothing new, the subject is presented in a novel way that adds much to its appeal.—C. S.

TRICKSY MAIDENS. A Comedy Suitable for School Commencements. By Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A. M. F. Pustet Co., New York, (Printed in manuscript.)

"Nobody but a millionaire can afford to write, print, and sell plays merely for the pleasure of it," avows the playwright with ingenuous frankness, "as the pleasure would be rather too expensive." Wherefore, a royalty of ten dollars for each performance, to be paid to the author, has been set on the play.

An Opportunity For You

WHAT SOME DO

FRIENTS of the Chinese Missionaries from time to time send us a generous donation for them "in thanksgiving" for a recovery from illness, or for the conversion of a relative, or for a position obtained, or for some favor received. This shows a truly grateful spirit and ought to assure them of even greater blessings.

DEBTS TO BE PAID

CHRIST gave all His followers the command to preach the gospel to every creature. If unable to fill this duty, you are in debt to the missionaries for satisfying this obligation for you. As much as you aid them in their apostolic ministry, you share in their work and will participate in their reward. There may be debts that you have neglected or forgotten to pay, or for some reason they can not be paid to the proper persons; such debts may be cancelled by your generosity to the missionaries for the poor in China. And even though you have satisfied all obligations and "owe no man anything," there is still the debt of gratitude for the numerous blessings and peace you enjoy. Pay this debt and give something of your means "in thanksgiving" to the Chinese Missions.

THE BENEDICTION OF MISSIONARIES

THE sacrifices, the labors, the harvest of souls won over to faith and virtue, must add a special grace and power to the prayers and blessings of every priest on foreign missions. Such blessings are showered on people who give them the means to live, and to help the hungry and homeless, the aged and the sick, and to bring the pagans to know and worship God. Every letter from Hunan, China, contains an expression of thanks, and repeats the assurance of fervent prayers and abundant blessings.

YOUR TURN NOW

THE day comes when you will not be able to do anything. As long as you enjoy life, you can obtain divine mercy and make yourself worthy of heaven. If you wish to have the last moments of your life full of peace and consolation and hope, then cover up every sin by charity and store up treasure in heaven by assisting the missionaries in China. Heaven is God's reward to those who love and serve Him; Heaven for the faithful and just is one great act of praise in thanksgiving for Redemption and everlasting life.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (Heb. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors of our Missionaries and their Missions. Please help to make the list grow bigger. Holy Scripture says: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little." (Tobias 4/9.)

CIRCLES: No. 3, \$10.00; No. 5, \$3.26; No. 7, \$25.00; No. 10, \$15.00; No. 10, \$10.00; \$25.00; \$10.00; St. Frederick, \$7.00; \$3.50; St. Joseph, \$1.00; St. Louise, \$20.00; \$14.22; St. Margarita, \$15.00; St. Margaret Mary, \$20.00; Maria, \$25.00; St. Mary \$3.80; \$1.11; St. Patrick's, \$16.25; St. Patrick's Cadets, \$1.00; Queen of Apostles, \$5.00; St. Ricardo, \$5.00; St. Veronica, \$5.00; Holy Souls, \$8.00.

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MICH.: Holland, A. J. C., \$5.20.

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K. H., \$2.00; Harrison, M. A. P. M., \$2.00; H. C. S., \$10.00; Jersey City, F. S., \$9.76; R. H., \$5.00; D. C. C., \$5.00; J. N., \$4.72; M. G., \$13.16; M. F., \$2.50; M. C., \$5.00; C. M., \$1.00; M. M. G., \$1.00; B. O. M., \$1.00; J. M., \$1.10; J. T. R., \$3.30; N. O. B., \$4.40; Newark, T. B., \$5.00; H. D., \$2.00; M. B., \$12.00; S. V. A., \$2.00; C. A. L., \$1.00; J. W., \$1.00; M. C., \$5.00; A. F., \$5.00; S. P. C., \$1.00; Paterson, C. L., \$2.00; S. M. G., \$3.30; South Orange, M. Y., \$5.00; North Bergen, H. M., \$5.10; Princeton, H. A. D., \$5.00; Trenton, E. L., \$5.00; Summit, B. C., \$1.00; Union Hill, O. H., \$100.00; West Hoboken, J. D., \$1.00; M. H., \$20.00; Anon., \$3.00.

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\$15.00; E. W., \$1.00; H. M. B., \$5.00; J. J. K., \$2.00; A. R., \$5.00; O. B., \$2.00; M. M. F., \$20.00; C. J. S., \$5.00; Long Island City, F. J. S., \$5.00; W. C. C., \$2.25; Ogdensburg, E. M., \$1.00; Steinway, N. C. R., \$2.00; Woodhaven, J. M. L., \$5.00; Yonkers, M. M. F., \$5.00.

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VA.: Charlottesville, G. M. B., \$1.00.

"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling."

(3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more Chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDoubtedly, some of our Readers can afford to build a Chapel. It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience. Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memorial in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity	\$20.00
Sacred Heart.....	\$50.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$25.00
St. Michael.....	\$10.00
St. Joseph	\$25.00
St. Patrick.....	\$20.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$25.00
St. Gabriel.....	\$30.00
Little Flower.....	\$10.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$5,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$40.00

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of THE SIGN
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss.

This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want, —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank
Mite Box
Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF
Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31, 1923

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds.....	\$1,733,301.86
Mortgages	1,183,263.25
Loans, (Demand and Time).....	294,900.00
Bills Purchased.....	957,676.47
Banking House.....	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1.00
Cash on Hand.....	161,971.78
Due from Banks.....	137,360.82
Accrued Interest.....	30,333.01
	\$4,584,049.41

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	153,776.76
Deposits	4,130,272.65

Trust Funds are kept separate from the assets of the Company

A
Banking
House
of Merit

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will receive prompt and accurate attention

OFFICE HOURS

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Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
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OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection, he has found over 300 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

What's That?

Torrid Heat : Intense Cold : Periodic Famine : Recurring Plague : Devil Worship : Rampant Vice—THAT'S CHINA!

Banditry Let Loose : Widespread Poverty : Profound Ignorance : Disease Prevalent : Degraded Women : Abandoned Babies—THAT'S HUNAN!

Twenty-two Millions of Humans : Stoical yet Sociable : Physically Strong but Morally Weak : Very Simple and Very Lovable—THAT'S THE PEOPLE!

Raising the Poppies that Curse Them : Cultivating the Rice that Scarcely Nourishes Them : Hardly Any Manufacturing—THAT'S THEIR INDUSTRY!

Young in Years : With Undaunted Courage and With No Thought of Self : Ambitious To Do Big Things for Christ and To Save the Souls of the People—THAT'S THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARY!

Some Forty Huts : Some Five Small Houses : A Few Chapels : One Church, One School, One Orphanage—THAT'S THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS!

There are Twenty-six Passionist Missionaries Devoted to the Conversion of Hunan, China. To Build Churches and Chapels, Schools and Orphanages, Hospitals and Asylums—THAT'S THEIR PROGRAM!

To Feed the Poor and to Clothe Them : To Care for the Sick and Dying : To Rescue Enslaved Women : To Mother Abandoned Babies : To Make Jesus Christ Known and Loved—THAT'S THEIR PLEA!

To Answer Their Plea and To Assist in Their Great Work—THAT'S YOUR HIGH PRIVILEGE!

Please Address Your Answer to

PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of THE SIGN

West Hoboken, New Jersey

